

No. 23

64  
PAGES  
OF  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURE

JANUARY, 1939

# Detective COMICS

10¢



Turn to page 1 and read about SPEED  
SAUNDERS and the Ski Murder...  
It's another thrilling episode  
in the life of this Ace  
Investigator!

**CHEE!**  
I HIT TH'  
JACK-POT  
DIS TIME!



## **DETECTIVE COMICS**

**VINCENT A. SULLIVAN**  
Editor

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# SPEED SAUNDERS AND THE SKI MURDER

BY FRED GUARDINEER



**S**PEED SAUNDERS TAKES A WEEKEND VACATION TO ENJOY THE SKIING IN NEARBY MOUNTAINS -



**S**PEED SEES A TRAVELLER DROPPING HER HANDKERCHIEF -



**I**N PICKING IT UP SPEED NOTES THE FORMATION OF THE INITIAL -



YOU DROPPED THIS -

OH, NO! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!



THERE'S SOME MYSTERY HERE - NO VACATION FOR ME, I GUESS!



LATER AT THE HOTEL -

HM - MY TRAVELLER MEETS A FRIEND!



SPEED SETS OUT TO ENJOY  
SOME SKIING —

SOMEBODY IS  
HURT—WONDER  
WHAT'S UP?



QUITE AN UNUSUAL  
MURDER WEAPON—  
SO — !



NOW THAT CERTAINLY  
IS CARELESS OF THAT  
GIRL TO LEAVE HER  
HANDKERCHIEFS  
AROUND—UNLESS—



THIS WILL CREATE  
QUITE A SENSATION  
AT THE HOTEL !



I'M DETECTIVE SAUNDERS OF THE  
CITY POLICE—FOUND THE BODY  
ABOUT THREE MILES OUT ON  
THE LOWER PASS. LOOKS LIKE AN  
ACCIDENT BUT I'LL INVESTIGATE  
IN A ROUTINE WAY —



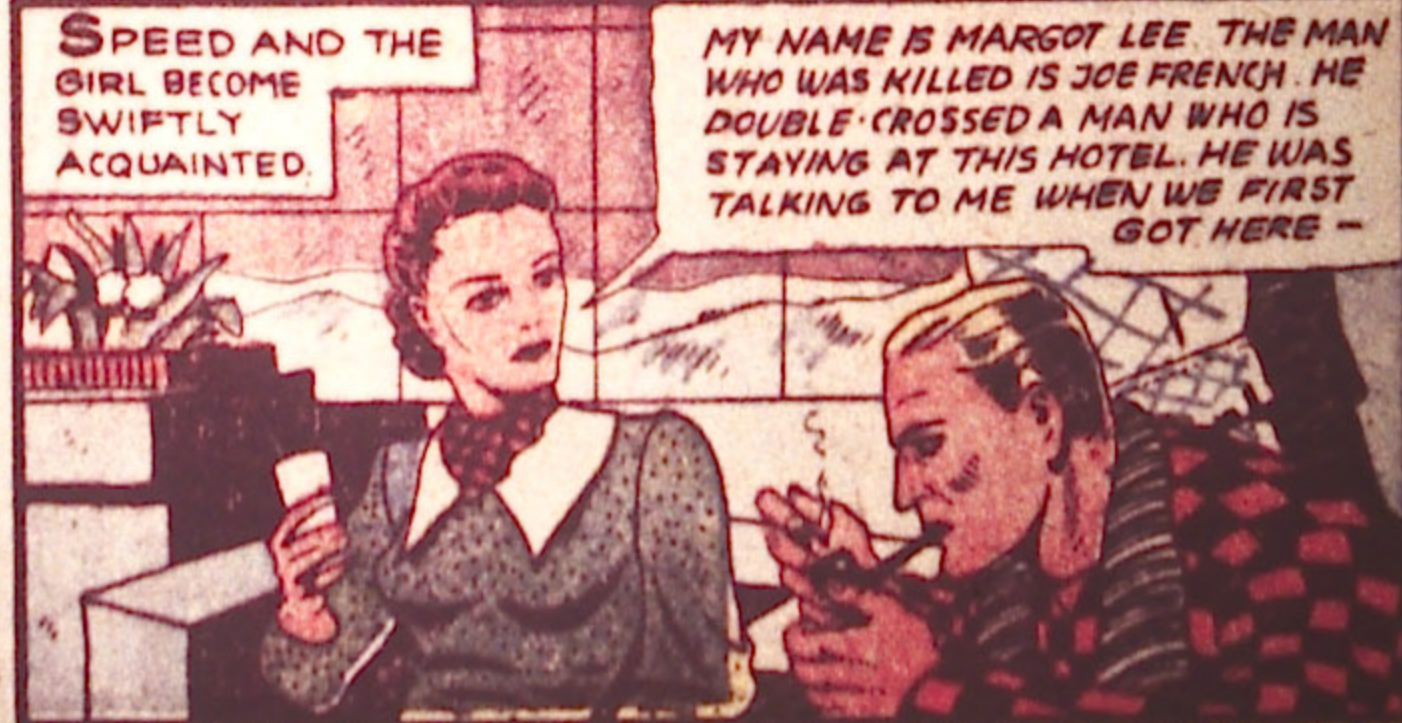
NOW THAT I'VE THE CHANCE, I'LL  
RETURN THIS HANDKERCHIEF I  
FOUND IT BESIDE  
THE BODY OF  
THE MURDERED  
MAN !!



I MIGHT AS WELL COME CLEAN  
I USED TO BE A MEMBER OF A  
GANG—BEFORE I REFORMED,  
BUT THEY WON'T LET ME ALONE  
I WAS TO KILL THAT — THAT  
MAN YOU FOUND I REFUSED.  
THEY'RE TRYING TO PIN IT  
ON ME !



SPEED AND THE  
GIRL BECAME  
SWIFTLY  
ACQUAINTED.



MY NAME IS MARGOT LEE. THE MAN  
WHO WAS KILLED IS JOE FRENCH. HE  
DOUBLE-CROSSED A MAN WHO IS  
STAYING AT THIS HOTEL. HE WAS  
TALKING TO ME WHEN WE FIRST  
GOT HERE —

AND HE IS FRAMING  
YOU, EH? WE'LL WORK  
TOGETHER ON  
THIS CASE -



AFTER LUNCH, SPEED AND  
MARGOT SKI TO THE  
SCENE OF THE CRIME -



HE WAS LYING RIGHT HERE.  
THERE ARE NO SNOWSHOE OR  
SKI PRINTS ANYWHERE  
ABOUT -



THIS IS CLOSE TO THE  
REGULAR SKI-RUN. ANY-  
ONE COULD HAVE STOPPED  
HERE LONG ENOUGH  
TO DO IT!



LOOK THERE! PERHAPS  
THE MURDERER STOOD THERE  
AND THREW THE  
SKI-STICK!



LET'S FOLLOW THE SKI-MARKS  
ON THE CHANCE THAT SOME  
WILL BRANCH OFF -



NONE OF THEM  
BRANCH OFF YET.  
BUT, LOOK -!



HERE ARE TWO  
THAT SEPARATE  
FROM THE MAIN  
RUN. LET'S  
FOLLOW!



THE MARKS  
END HERE,  
IN WE GO!



I THINK THIS IS  
WHAT WE WANT,  
LOOK!

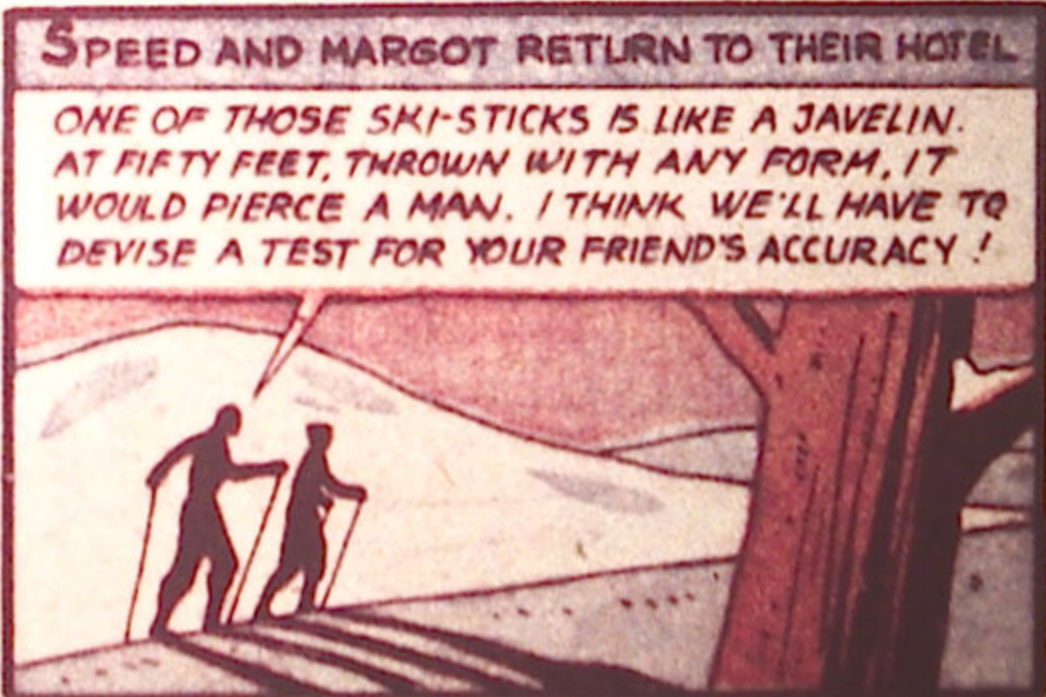


SEE HOW THIS STEEL TIP  
HAS BEEN SHARPENED!  
THIS IS ONE OF THE SKI-  
STICKS FROM WHICH THE  
MURDERER SELECTED  
HIS WEAPON!

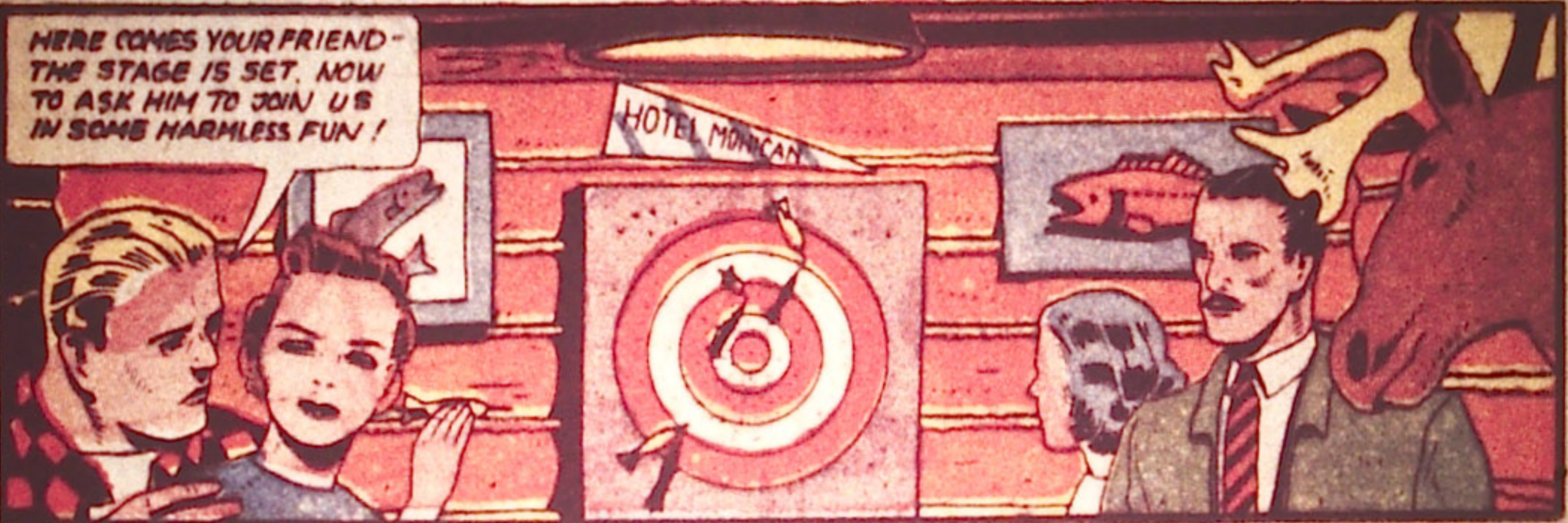


SPEED AND MARGOT RETURN TO THEIR HOTEL

ONE OF THOSE SKI-STICKS IS LIKE A JAVELIN.  
AT FIFTY FEET, THROWN WITH ANY FORM, IT  
WOULD PIERCE A MAN. I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO  
DEVISE A TEST FOR YOUR FRIEND'S ACCURACY!



HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND—  
THE STAGE IS SET. NOW  
TO ASK HIM TO JOIN US  
IN SOME HARMLESS FUN!



CARE TO TRY YOUR  
SKILL? I'M OFFER-  
ING A LITTLE  
PRIZE—

NO THANKS!  
I'VE OUTGROWN  
THAT!



HE EVADED THAT  
TRAP NEATLY. I'LL  
HAVE TO THINK  
OF ANOTHER!



NEXT DAY SPEED AND MARGOT  
ARE ON THE SKI-TRAIL EARLY -



THERE GOES OUR  
QUARRY, NOW FOR  
OUR TRAP!



WITH MY SKI-STICKS  
AND SOME STRAW FROM  
THE HOTEL STABLES,  
AND A SUIT -



I THINK OUR FRIEND  
WON'T RECOGNIZE IT  
FOR THE EFFIGY  
IT IS!



GOOD  
LUCK!



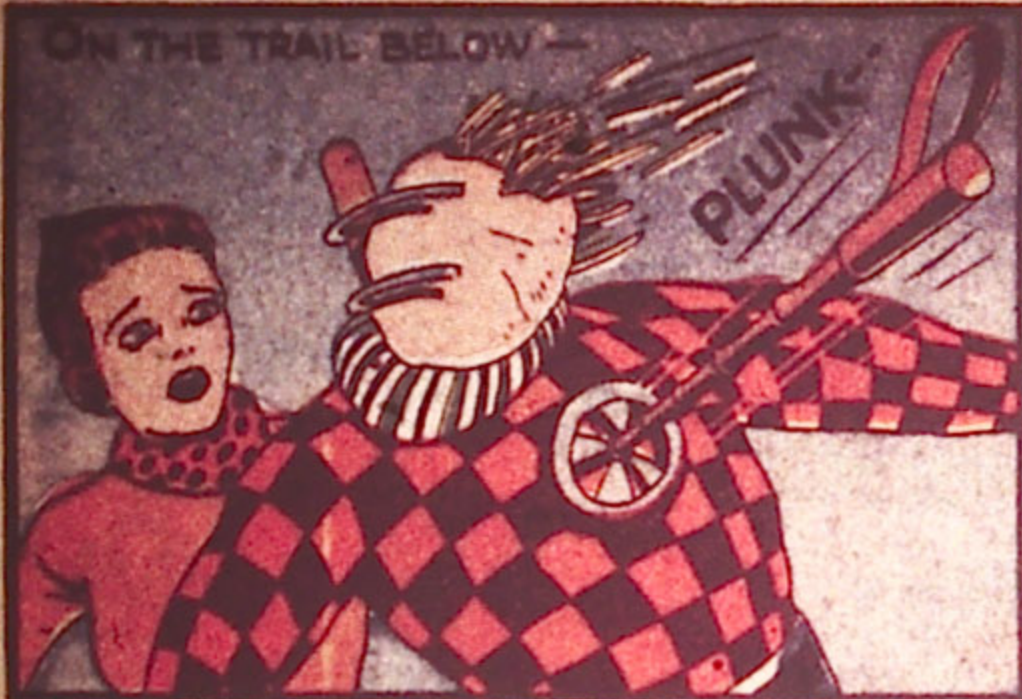
I HOPE I REACH  
THAT BROWN  
ROCK IN  
TIME!



JUST A  
LITTLE  
MORE -



ON THE TRAIL BELOW —



WITH INCHES SEPARATING THEM FROM A DEATH PLUNGE, SPEED AND THE MURDERER BATTLE ON—



KNOWING THAT YOU USED HANDKERCHIEFS WITH AN UNUSUAL INITIAL, HE FRAMED YOU FOR THE FIRST MURDER. LUCKILY I FOUND YOUR HANDKERCHIEF AND SAVED YOU FROM THAT. NOW HE PLANNED TO KILL ME AND ACCUSE YOU. HE WOULD SAY HE FOUND YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!



YES. ALL THE PEOPLE AT THE HOTEL SAW US GO OUT TOGETHER. IT WOULD BE EASY FOR HIM TO SAY HE SAW THE WHOLE THING!



YOU WERE TOO FOXY. IF YOU HADN'T TRIED TO FRAME MISS LEE, YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT!



—THE END—

# CRIME NEVER *pays*



## CRIMINALS FEAR THE MICROSCOPE!

TODAY, MANY LAW-BREAKERS ARE TRAPPED BY SCIENCE. THE MICROSCOPE—THE OPTICAL INSTRUMENT USED FOR EXAMINING MINUTE OBJECTS BY MAGNIFICATION—SUCH AS HAIRS, GRAINS OF DUST, AND BLOOD SPOTS—AIDS SCIENTIFIC SLEUTHS TO BRING CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE. THE COMPOUND TYPE OF THIS INSTRUMENT CONSISTS OF A RIGID STAND CARRYING A STAGE FOR SUPPORTING THE OBJECT BEING ANALYZED.

THE TRUTH OF THE STATEMENT THAT "CRIME NEVER PAYS"—IS THAT MOST CRIMINALS DIE PENNILESS AND THAT MOST LAW-BREAKERS ARE EVENTUALLY CAUGHT.



SCOTLAND YARD, THE NAME OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE OF LONDON, IS DERIVED FROM THE FACT THAT THE OLD HEADQUARTERS WERE LOCATED IN THE LONDON PALACE OF THE KING OF SCOTLAND. WHEN THE NEW SCOTLAND YARD WAS BUILT THE OLD NAME WAS BESTOWED UPON IT ON ACCOUNT OF THE ASSOCIATION.



ALLAN PINKERTON, IN 1852, FOUNDED THE FIRST DETECTIVE AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES AND GAINED NATIONAL FAME FERRETING OUT SOME OF THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMES OF THE AGE. IN 1861, PRESIDENT LINCOLN ESTABLISHED THE ARMY SECRET SERVICE BUREAU AND APPOINTED DETECTIVE PINKERTON AS FIRST CHIEF.



FINGERPRINTING WAS FIRST USED FOR CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION IN THE UNITED STATES AT SING SING IN 1903. IN 1904 THE WARDEN OF LEAVENWORTH PENITENTIARY WAS AUTHORIZED TO TAKE FINGERPRINTS OF FEDERAL PRISONERS INCARCERATED IN STATE PENITENTIARIES; AND IN 1907 CONGRESS ENACTED A LAW AUTHORIZING THE EXCHANGE OF FINGERPRINTS WITH OTHER PENAL INSTITUTIONS.

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# LARRY

## PRIVATE DETECTIVE

# STEELE

by Will Ely

SO SORRY TO RUSH OFF,  
LADY ASHLEY, BUT I'VE A  
BUSY DAY TOMORROW--

I QUITE UNDERSTAND,  
MR. STEELE--

THESE DRIVEWAYS ARE  
A MAZE-- THIS DOESN'T  
SEEM TO BE THE  
RIGHT ONE--

I SAY-- WHICH OF  
THESE DRIVES LEAD  
TO THE HIGHWAY?

WELL-- I'LL SHOW  
YOU--

HOW'S THAT!

OH!!

LARRY IS OUT FOR  
PERHAPS TWENTY  
MINUTES--- WHEN  
HE AWAKENS ---

WHERE AM I? OH MY  
HEAD! NOW I  
REMEMBER--

I CAN'T FIGURE IT  
OUT-- NOTHING STOLEN--  
WELL, I'LL GET ALONG  
HOME--

LARRY PUTS HIS CAR  
IN THE GARAGE AND  
THEN GOES TO GET  
SOMETHING OUT OF  
THE TRUNK ---

HOLY SMOKE !! A DEAD  
MAN ! I'M BEGINNING TO  
UNDERSTAND ---

WHY THIS IS ONE OF  
LOAD ASHLEY'S SERVANT'S -  
WHAT CAN THIS MEAN ?

ALL RIGHT, GET 'EM UP  
MISTER - WE'VE GOT  
YOU REDHANDED ---

WHERE'S THE ICE,  
WISE GUY ?

ICE ? SURELY YOU DON'T  
THINK I DID THIS -- IT'S  
ALL A SURPRISE TO ME -

LARRY IDENTIFIES  
HIMSELF AND TELLS  
HIS STORY, BUT THE  
POLICE ARE RELUC-  
TANT TO BELIEVE  
HIM ---

YOU SEE WE GOT A CALL  
FROM LOAD ASHLEY'S TO  
PICK YOU UP HERE ---  
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
YOU IN -

IF THEY HOLD ME  
I'LL NEVER GET OUT  
OF THIS - I'VE GOT TO  
GET FREE SO I CAN  
FIGURE THIS  
THING OUT -

ALL RIGHT ---  
I'LL COME ALONG -

THEY'RE A BIT LAX -- SUPPOSE  
THEY THINK I WON'T RESIST --  
WHEN WE CROSS THE MILL  
CREEK BRIDGE ---

IN A FLASH LARRY  
BREAKS FREE OF  
HIS CAPTORS AND  
JUMPS FROM THE  
CAR HUDDLING THE  
RAILING OF THE  
BRIDGE ---

PULL UP, CLANCY! THE  
MUG'S ESCAPED!!

USE YOUR GUN! HE  
CAN'T GO FRA--



BUT LARRY SWIMS UNDERWATER DOWNSTREAM WITH THE  
STRONG CURRENT AND HIDES IN A CLUMP OF TALL GRASS--



GAVE US THE SLIP  
COMPLETELY, O'BRIEN!

I HATE TO GO BACK TO  
HEADQUARTERS AFTER  
THIS ---

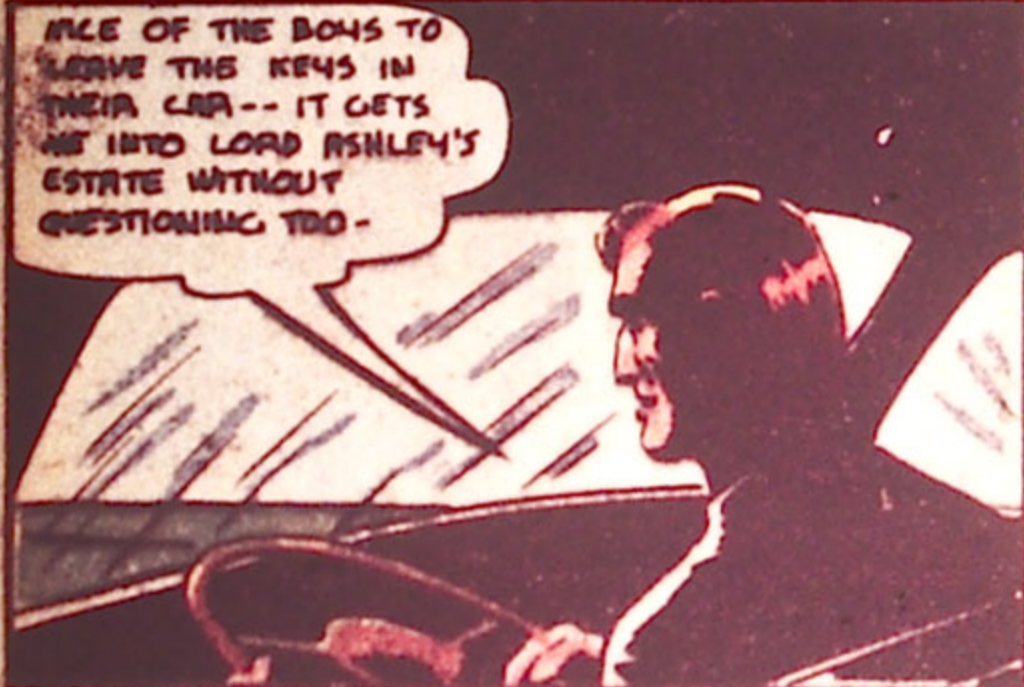


CLANCY! OUR  
CAR'S GONE!

WELL I'LL BE ---! HE  
TOOK IT WHILE WE WERE  
SEARCHING FOR HIM--



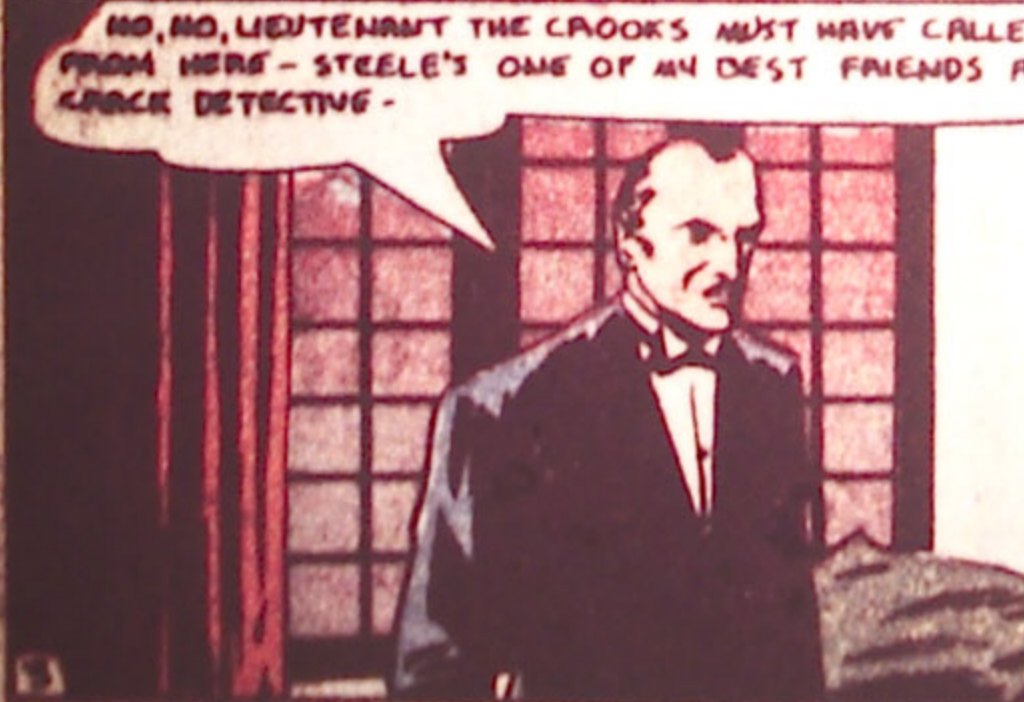
WILL OF THE BOYS TO  
LEAVE THE KEYS IN  
THEIR CAR-- IT GETS  
ME INTO LORD ASHLEY'S  
ESTATE WITHOUT  
QUESTIONING TOO--



THESE VINES MAKE A NICE  
LADDER-- THERE'S ASHLEY'S  
STUDY-- THINK I'LL  
EAVESDROP A BIT--



NO, NO, LIEUTENANT THE CROOKS MUST HAVE CALLED YOU  
FROM HERE-- STEELE'S ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS AND A  
CRACK DETECTIVE--



WELL YOU KNOW BEST-- YOUR SAFE'S  
IN A SECRET PLACE-- THAT MAKES IT  
LOOK LIKE AN INSIDE JOB--



THANKS FOR PUTTING  
ME IN THE CLEAR,  
LORD ASHLEY-NOW  
I CAN BE OF  
ASSISTANCE  
TO YOU--

LARRY-- YOU TURN  
UP IN THE ODDEST  
PLACES--

NOW JUST WHICH  
OF YOUR GUEST  
HERE TONIGHT  
CAN YOU VOUCH  
FOR?

I'VE KNOWN THEM ALL  
FOR QUITE SOME TIME  
WITH THE EXCEPTION  
OF A BARON VON PAKOFF--

OH, YES - I REMEMBER  
THE CHAP - HOW ABOUT  
THE BUTLER THAT  
WAS KILLED?

A FAITHFUL SERVANT  
OF LONG STANDING -

WELL - HERE'S HOPING  
YOU'VE GIVEN ME  
SOMETHING TO  
GO ON --

I HOPE YOU SUCCEED,  
LARRY - I'VE SUFFERED  
A GREAT LOSS  
TONIGHT --

LARRY RETURNS  
HOME AND RE-  
TURNS INTO HIS  
PRIVATE STUDY  
TO CONSULT HIS  
FILES--- A COL-  
LECTION THAT  
WOULD BE THE  
ENMITY OF ANY  
POLICE FORCE--

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT PAKOFF  
THAT LOOKS VAGUELY FAMILIAR--  
AH - HERE WE ARE - WITHOUT  
BENEFIT OF WHISKERS -  
ENOUGH ALIKES TO  
FILL A BOOK --

HE WON'T SKIP TOWN  
BECAUSE HE THINKS HE'S  
ABOVE SUSPICION - I'LL  
JUST PAY HIM A VISIT -

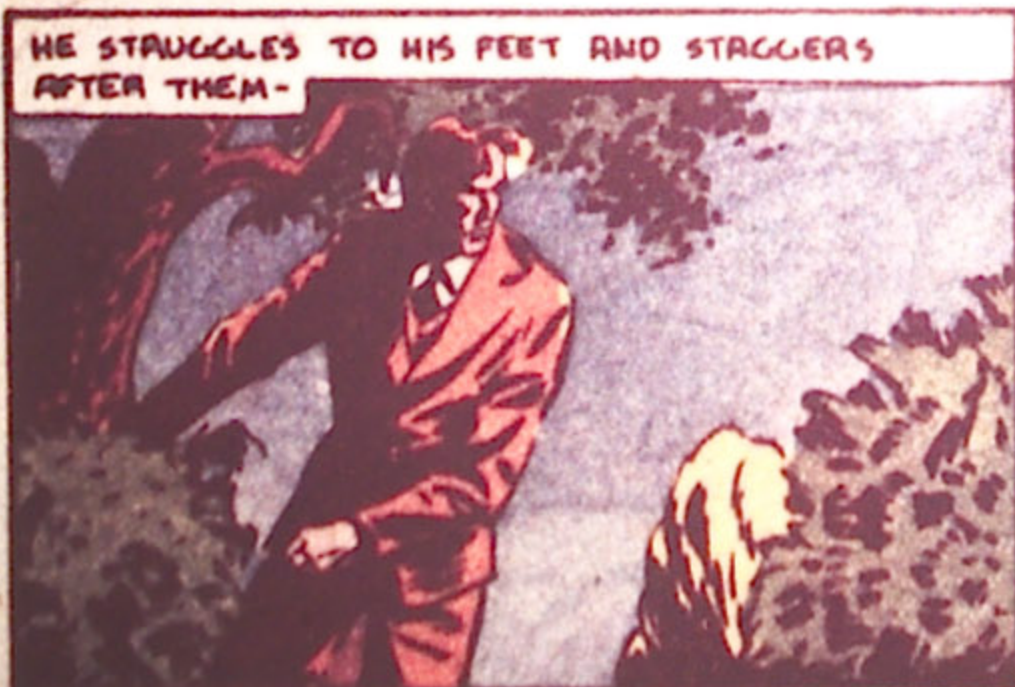
HE'S NOT AT HIS CITY  
ADDRESS - I'LL TRY HIS  
COUNTRY HOME --



THERE IS  
A WILD  
SCRAMBLE  
AS THE  
THREE CROOKS  
DEPART WITH  
THE JEWELS-  
LARRY LIES  
STUNNED



HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND STAGGERS  
AFTER THEM-



COME ON- GET  
'ER ROLLING!



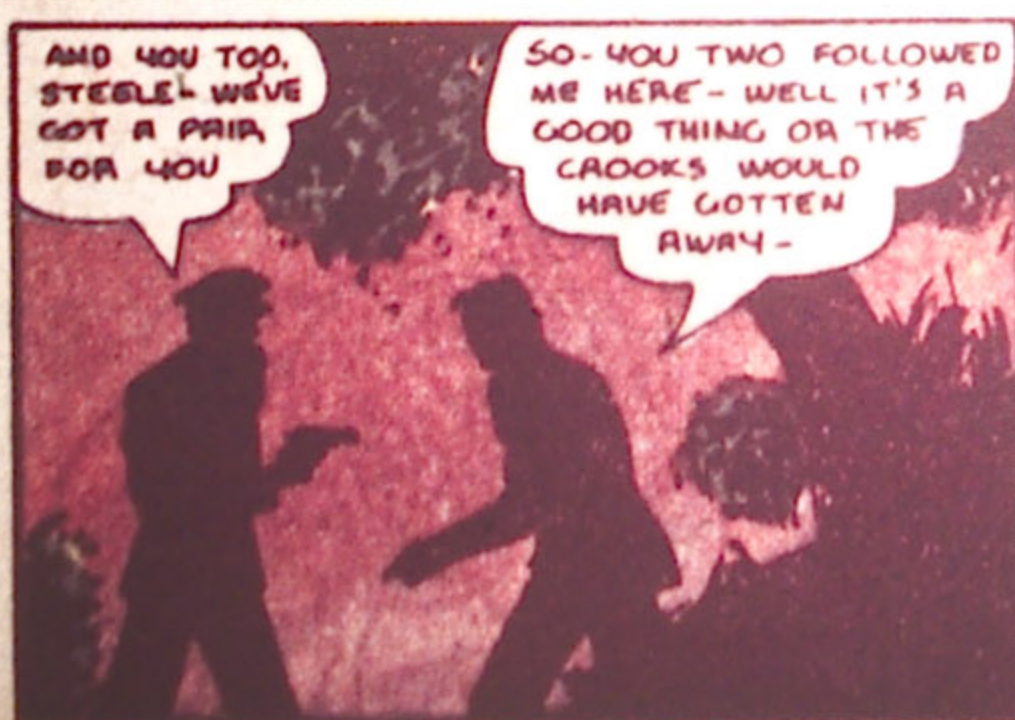
NO YOU DON'T,  
WISE GUYS- JUST  
GET THOSE HANDS  
UP- GET THE  
STUFF, CLANCY!



COPPEAS- WERE  
CAUGHT!

WELL I'LL BE  
DARNED

AND YOU TOO,  
STEELE- WE'VE  
GOT A PAIR  
FOR YOU



SO- YOU TWO FOLLOWED  
ME HERE- WELL IT'S A  
GOOD THING OR THE  
CROOKS WOULD  
HAVE GOTTEN  
AWAY-

MAYBE WE'VE  
BEEN MISTAKEN-  
YOU MEAN YOU'RE  
NOT IN WITH  
THIS BUNCH?

LET'S GET TO HEAD-  
QUARTERS- THEY'LL EX-  
PLAIN IT SO EVEN YOU  
CAN UNDERSTAND IT-



THE END

# Buck MARSHALL

## RANGE DETECTIVE

BY  
H. FLEMING

### NUGGETS OF LEAD

LOPING ALONG A NARROW TRAIL THAT LEADS DOWN THROUGH THE FOOT-HILLS, BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE-DETECTIVE, EDGES HIS HORSE INTO THE WELCOME SHADE OF A HUGE BOULDER - LETTING HIS REINS DROP TO THE GROUND, HE SLIDES FROM THE SADDLE -

GREAT SCOTT! PEPPER, THIS COUNTRY CERTAINLY DOES SHOW THE EFFECTS OF THE LONG DROUGHT - EVERYTHING BURNED TO A CRISP!

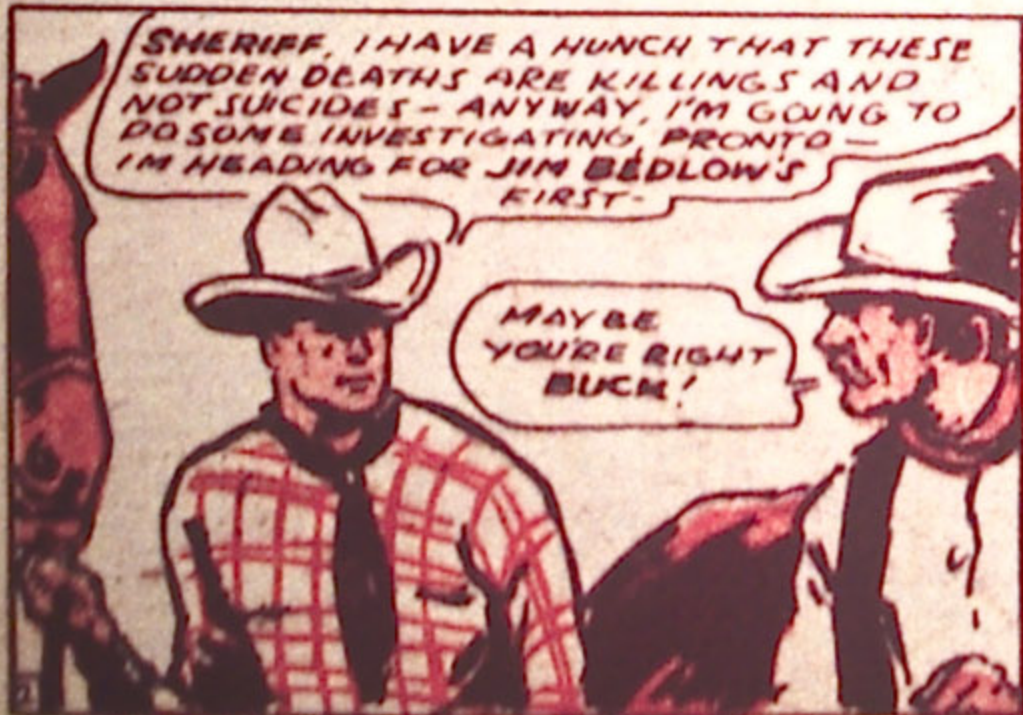
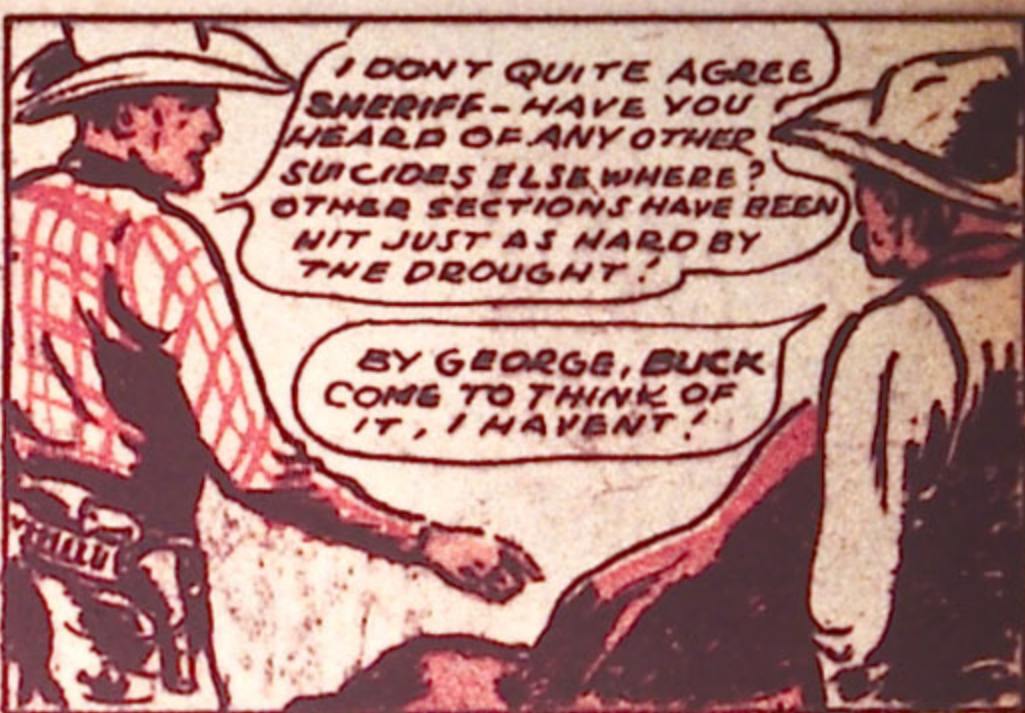
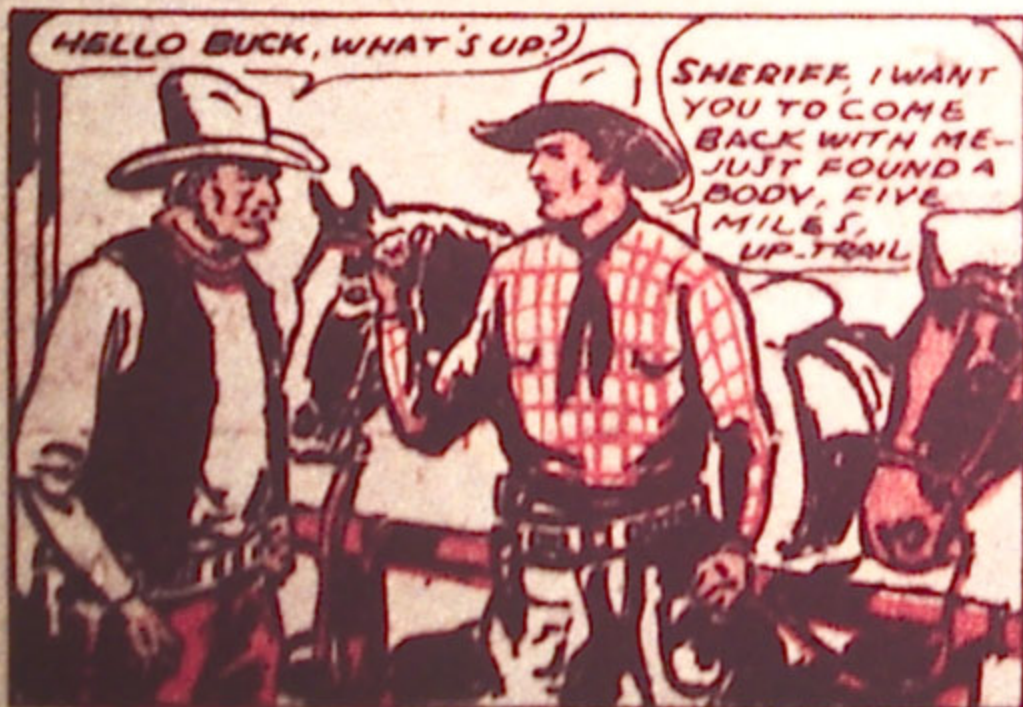
HANGED IF IT DONT LOOK LIKE A MAN'S FOOT STICKING OUT FROM BEHIND THAT CLUMP OF ROCKS - MAYBE IT'S ONLY AN OLD BOOT.

SURE ENOUGH IT'S A BODY. I'LL WATCH OUT FOR TRICKS THOUGH

WELL HE'S AS DEAD AS HE'LL EVER BE - BULLET HOLE IN TEMPLE - POWDER-BURN ON SKIN - GUN NEAR HIS HAND - ONE BULLET FIRED -

DOGGONE IT - I CAN'T FIND A TRACK - THAT DUST STORM FILLED THEM ALL UP -

I'LL LEAVE THAT BODY AS IT IS UNTIL I GET BACK WITH THE SHERIFF -



AS BUCK  
NEARS  
JIM BEDLOW'S  
PLACE,  
HE SEES  
A RIDER  
MAKING  
HIS WAY  
UP TO  
THE  
RIMROCK  
ABOVE  
THE  
RANCH  
CABIN

I WONDER WHAT'S  
TAKING THAT HOMER  
UP THERE -



HE DISAPPEARED IN THAT  
CREVICE - I'LL WAIT UNTIL  
HE COMES OUT



I'LL JUST TAKE A  
LOOK-SEE OVER THERE  
BEFORE I GO DOWN  
TO THE CABIN



BUCK WATCHES UNTIL THE RIDER COMES  
OUT OF THE CREVICE, SOMETIME LATER  
CARRYING A SACK - HE CLINGS IT OVER HIS SADDLE  
AND RIDES AWAY -

LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S  
GOING ON  
HERE



GEE WHIZ! ORE  
SAMPLES - FAIRLY  
YELLOW WITH  
GOLD!



I UNDERSTAND, NOW!  
A RICH GOLD DOCKET  
HAS BEEN FOUND HERE,  
THE VALLEY MAY  
BE FULL OF  
GOLD!



THAT GIVES ME A  
REAL HUNCH - NOW I'LL  
GET ON DOWN TO  
JIM BEDLOW'S  
CABIN - SHERIFF  
SAID HE LIVES  
ALONE



DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY  
ABOUT - PLACE  
LOOKS DESERTED!



BUCK  
CALLS  
AND  
RAPS  
LOUDLY  
ON THE  
DOOR—  
WHEN  
NO ONE  
ANSWERS,  
HE  
SHOVES  
THE  
DOOR  
OPEN  
AND  
PEERS  
IN—

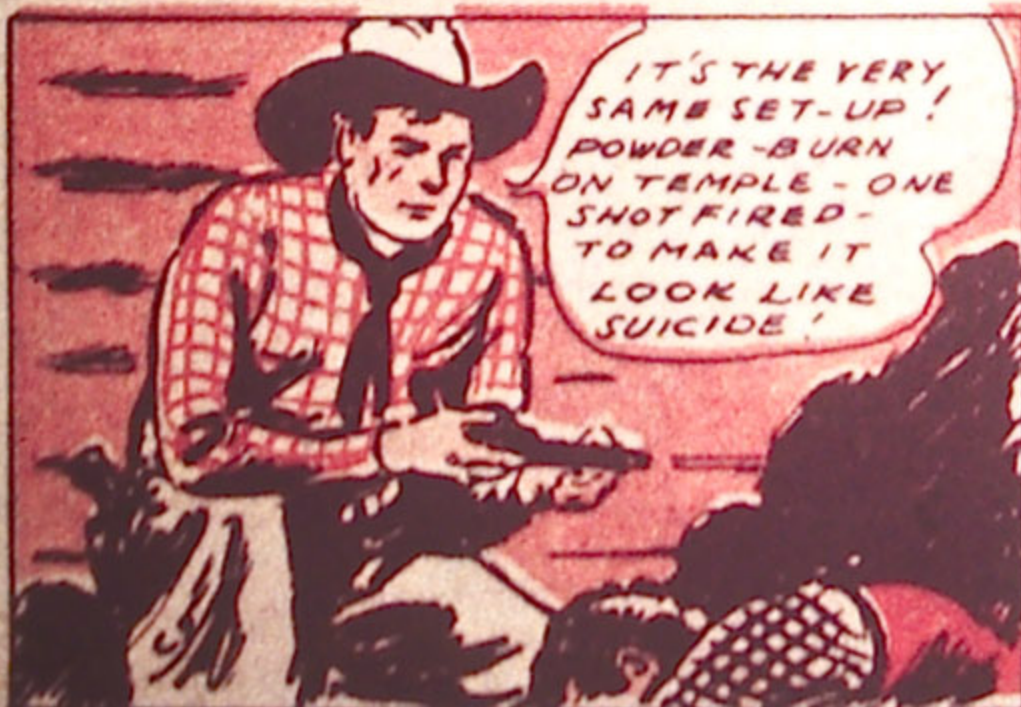
THE  
DOOR  
ISN'T  
BOLTED



WELL I'LL BE  
CUSSED!  
ANOTHER  
ONE!



IT'S THE VERY  
SAME SET-UP!  
POWDER-BURN  
ON TEMPLE—ONE  
SHOT FIRED—  
TO MAKE IT  
LOOK LIKE  
SUICIDE!



I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK THROUGH  
THIS DESK  
MIGHT GET  
A LEAD—



IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, BUCK  
NOTICES AN OLD DESK—

WELL HERE'S  
SOMETHING THAT  
MAY HAVE A  
BEARING ON  
THIS CASE  
SAM SPENCER  
WILL BE THE  
NEXT ONE I'LL  
CALL ON—



I'LL JUST LEAVE  
THIS PLACE THE  
WAY I FOUND IT  
AND CLOSE THE  
DOOR— I'LL GET  
ON OVER TO THE  
LEANING-R— TO  
SEE SPENCER

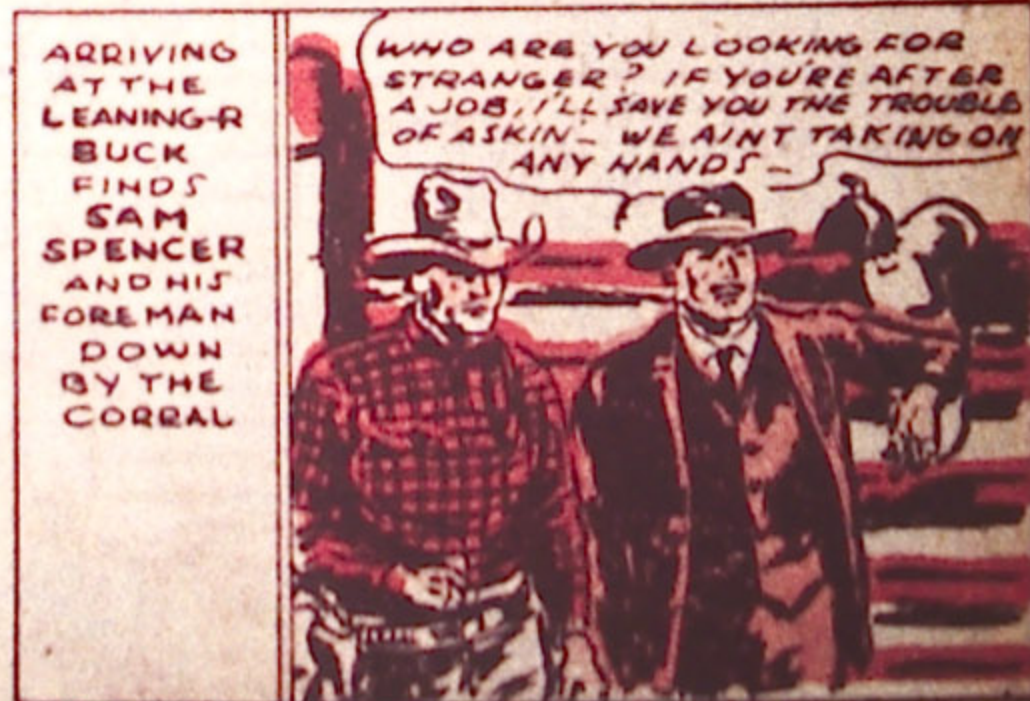


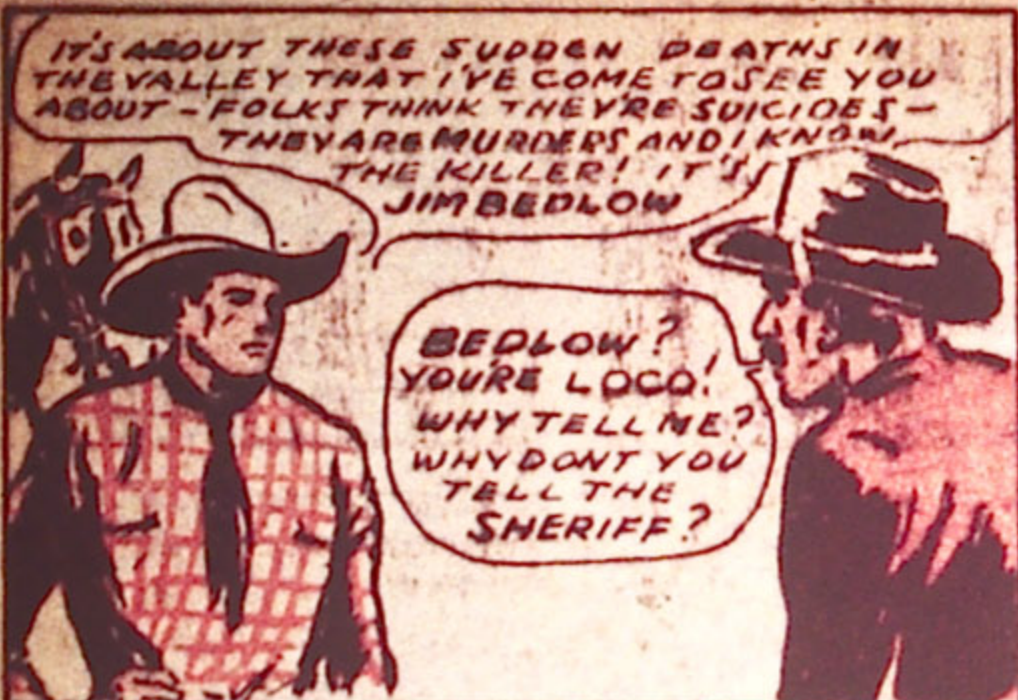
THEY DON'T KNOW ME  
AT THE LEANING-R—  
WHICH MAKES IT SO  
MUCH THE BETTER FOR  
THE YARN I'M  
GOING TO SPIN—



ARRIVING  
AT THE  
LEANING-R  
BUCK  
FINDS  
SAM  
SPENCER  
AND HIS  
FOREMAN  
DOWN  
BY THE  
CORRAL

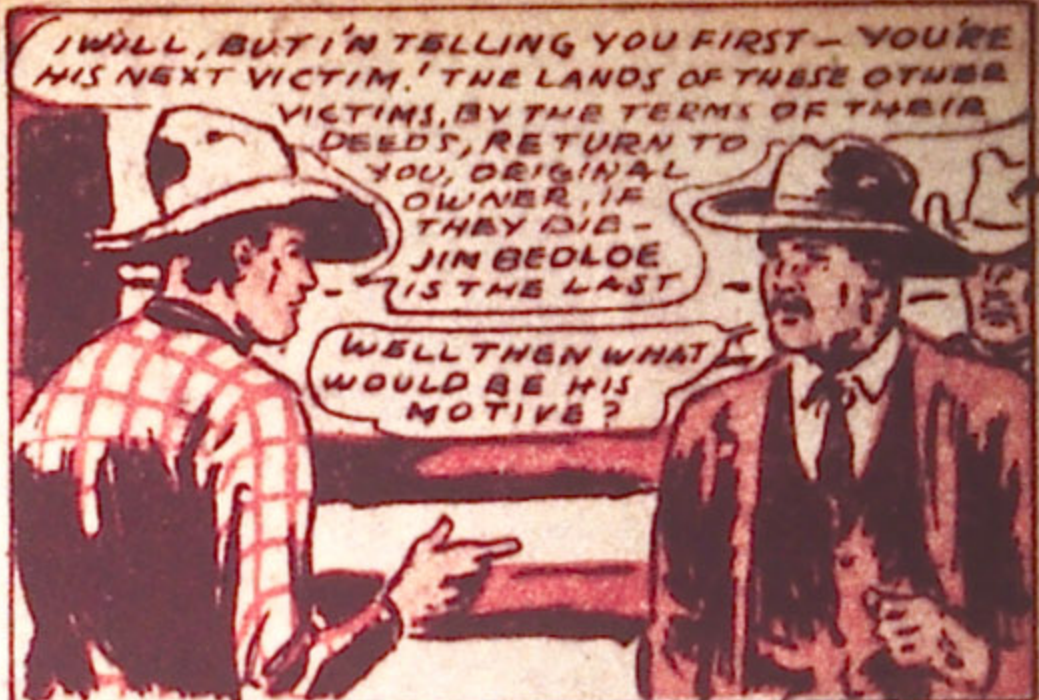
WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR  
STRANGER? IF YOU'RE AFTER  
A JOB, I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE  
OF ASKIN'— WE AINT TAKING ON  
ANY HANDS—





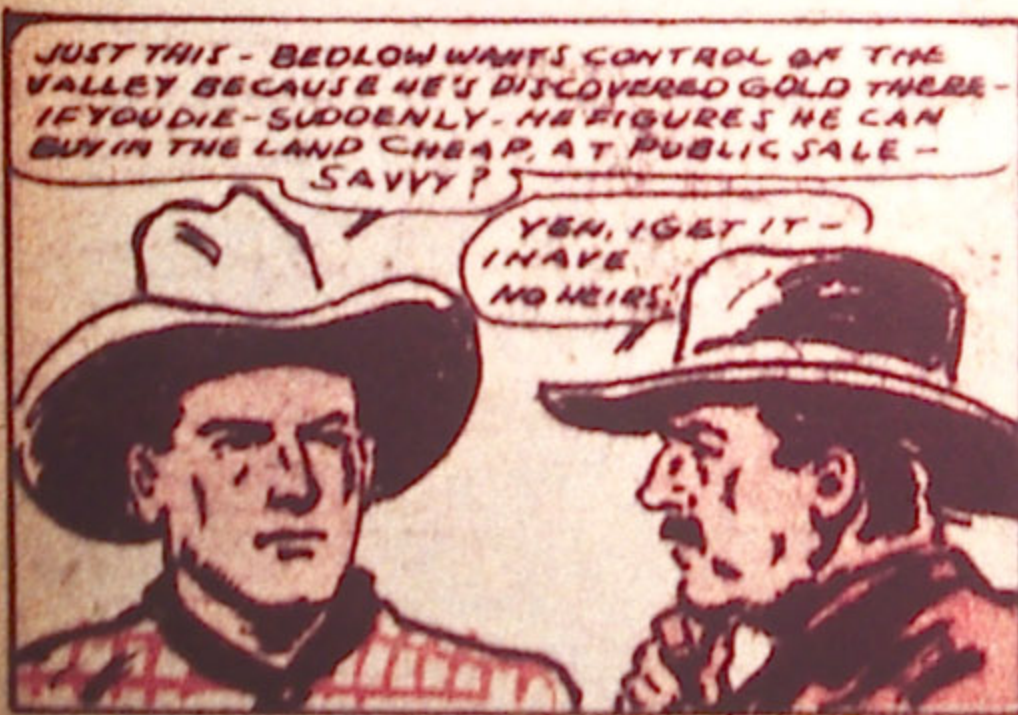
IT'S ABOUT THESE SUDDEN DEATHS IN THE VALLEY THAT I'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT - FOLKS THINK THEY'RE SUICIDES - THEY ARE MURDERS AND I KNOW THE KILLER! IT'S JIM BEDLOW

BEDLOW? YOU'RE LOCO! WHY TELL ME? WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE SHERIFF?



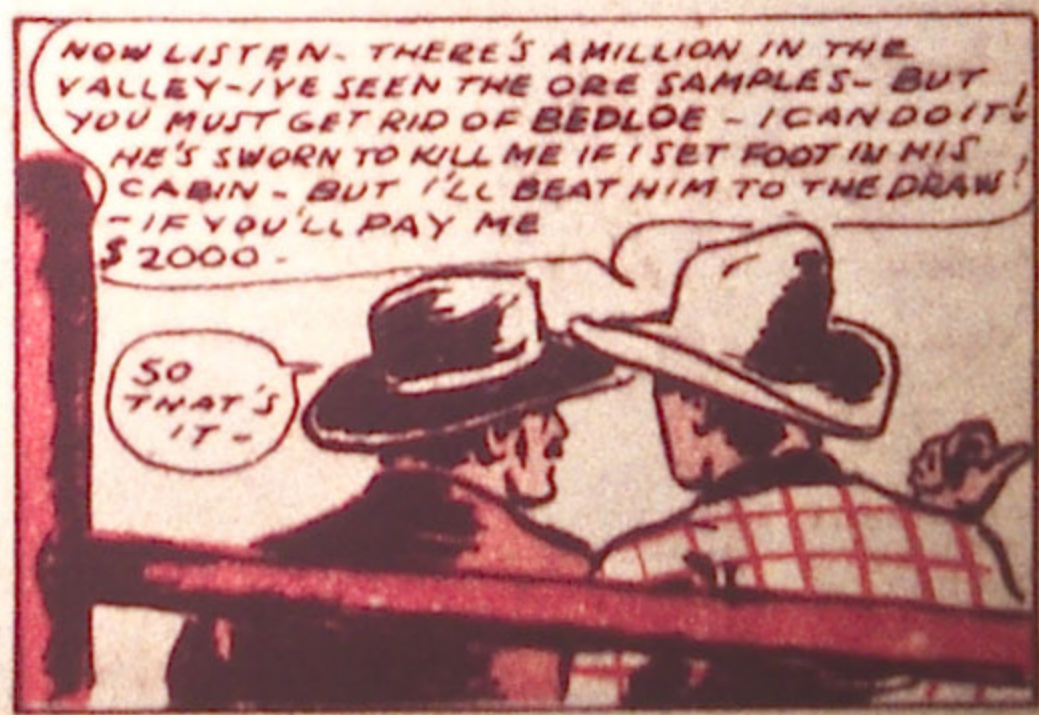
I WILL, BUT I'M TELLING YOU FIRST - YOU'RE HIS NEXT VICTIM! THE LANDS OF THESE OTHER VICTIMS, BY THE TERMS OF THEIR DEEDS, RETURN TO YOU, ORIGINAL OWNER, IF THEY DIE - JIM BEDLOE IS THE LAST -

WELL THEN WHAT WOULD BE HIS MOTIVE?



JUST THIS - BEDLOW WANTS CONTROL OF THE VALLEY BECAUSE HE'S DISCOVERED GOLD THERE - IF YOU DIE - SUDDENLY - HE FIGURES HE CAN BUY IN THE LAND CHEAP, AT PUBLIC SALE - SAVVY?

YEN, I GET IT - I HAVE NO HEIRS!



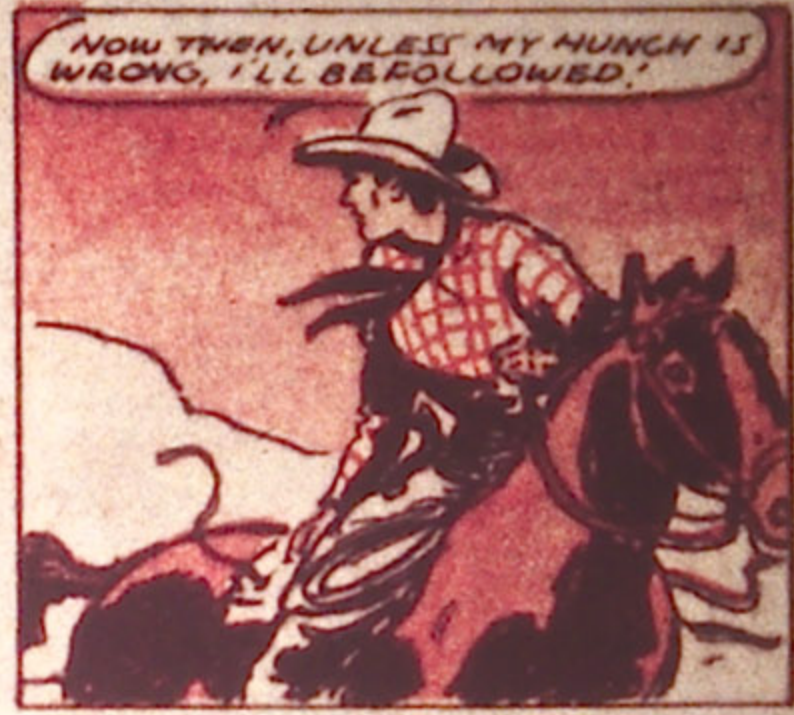
NOW LISTEN - THERE'S A MILLION IN THE VALLEY - I'VE SEEN THE ORE SAMPLES - BUT YOU MUST GET RID OF BEDLOE - I CAN DO IT! HE'S SWORN TO KILL ME IF I SET FOOT IN HIS CABIN - BUT I'LL BEAT HIM TO THE DRAW! - IF YOU'LL PAY ME \$2000 -

SO THAT'S IT -

WHEN SPENCER AGREES TO BUCK'S PROPOSAL, THE RANGE DETECTIVE VAULTS INTO HIS SADDLE AND STARTS FOR BEDLOE'S CABIN



ADIOS - WHEN YOU HEAR OF ANOTHER SUICIDE, I'LL BE SEEING YOU!



NOW THEN, UNLESS MY HUNCH IS WRONG, I'LL BE FOLLOWED!

ARRIVING AT THE CABIN, BUCK SLIDES FROM THE SADDLE AND TIES HIS HORSE TO THE HITCH RAIL THEN HE ENTERS



I'LL WATCH FROM THE WINDOW



I THOUGHT SO - I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED SOMEBODY'S BACK OF THAT CLUMP OF BOULDER!

I'LL OPEN THE DOOR FAR ENOUGH TO  
SHOVE MY HAT THROUGH - HE'LL THINK I'M COMING  
OUT AND WILL OPEN UP ON ME - THEN  
I'LL SMOKE HIM OUT -



WHAM!  
A BULLET  
PLOWS  
THROUGH  
BUCK'S HAT  
THE  
MOMENT  
IT  
APPEARS!  
INSTANTLY  
BUCK  
SENDS A  
BULLET  
CRASHING  
AT A  
BLUR  
BEHIND  
THE  
BOULDERS



BUCK  
SEES  
A  
FIGURE  
TOPPLE  
OUT FROM  
BEHIND  
A  
BOULDER -  
HE WAITS  
A MOMENT  
THEN HE  
RUNS  
FORWARD,  
HIS GUN  
READY  
FOR  
INSTANT  
ACTION -



NOW THEN, BACK TO THE  
LEANING-R- AS  
FAST AS PEPPER  
CAN SPLIT  
THE  
BREEZE

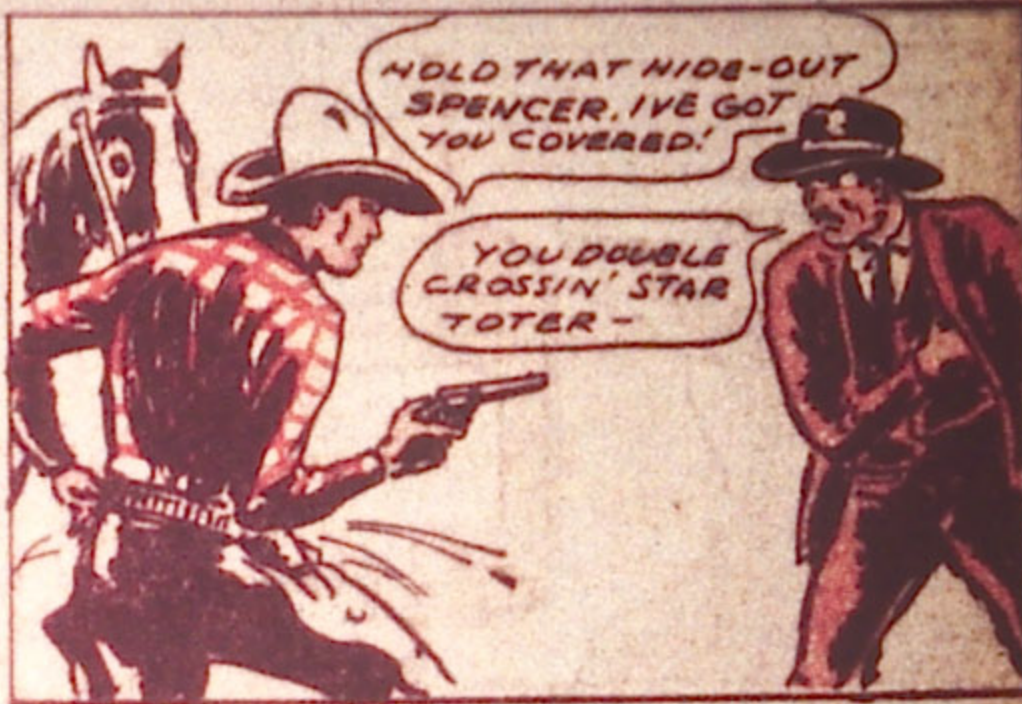


YOU WERE EXPECTING YOUR  
FOREMAN INSTEAD OF ME,  
EH, SPENCER?



HOLD THAT HIDE-OUT  
SPENCER, I'VE GOT  
YOU COVERED!

YOU DOUBLE  
CROSSIN' STAR  
TOTER -



YOU GUESSED THAT I KNEW  
THAT JIM BEDLOW WAS  
DEAD BUT YOU  
THOUGHT YOU  
SAW YOUR CHANCE  
TO CLOSE MY  
MOUTH ABOUT  
THE MURDER!  
AND THE  
GOLD POCKET,  
BY SENDING  
YOUR FOREMAN  
TO AMBUSH ME.

YES, DANG YOU,  
AND HE HAD ORDERS  
TO DRAG YOUR CARCASS  
IN THE CABIN TO  
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE  
A GUN FIGHT -



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-  
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE  
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES  
ON THE WORK OF BEFREENDING  
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE  
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE  
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS  
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG  
PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE  
LEADER

Jim Chambers



IN THE OFFICES OF THE UNION LEADER—

THEY'RE PICKIN' OFF  
THE BIG GANGSTERS. I  
WONDER WHO'S NEXT?

WELL, MURDER IS  
MURDER AND THE  
FELLOW MUST BE  
CAUGHT!

THE RACKETEERS ARE  
PLENTY SCARED! RED  
NELSON AN' LITTLE JOE  
ARE HAVING A MEETING  
TONIGHT. I GOT A TIP.

HM, THEY'RE GOING  
TO FIGHT THIS  
THING. I'D LIKE TO  
BE THERE TONIGHT.

THAT NIGHT A SHADOWY FIGURE CLIMBS THE  
FIRE ESCAPE TOWARD NELSON'S APARTMENT.

HM, THERE'S RED  
AND JOE. GUESS  
THE OTHERS HAVEN'T  
ARRIVED YET.

I'M SCARED RED!  
I GOT A NOTE THAT  
SAYS I'M NEXT.

I GOT A NOTE  
TOO, JOE BUT WE'RE  
SAFE UP HERE!  
THE BOYS WILL BE  
HERE SOON.

TWO ARMED MEN ENTER THE ROOM—

JOE! LOOK!  
THOSE EYES!

THEY COME TO  
GET US, RED!  
THEY WON'T  
GET ME—ALIVE!

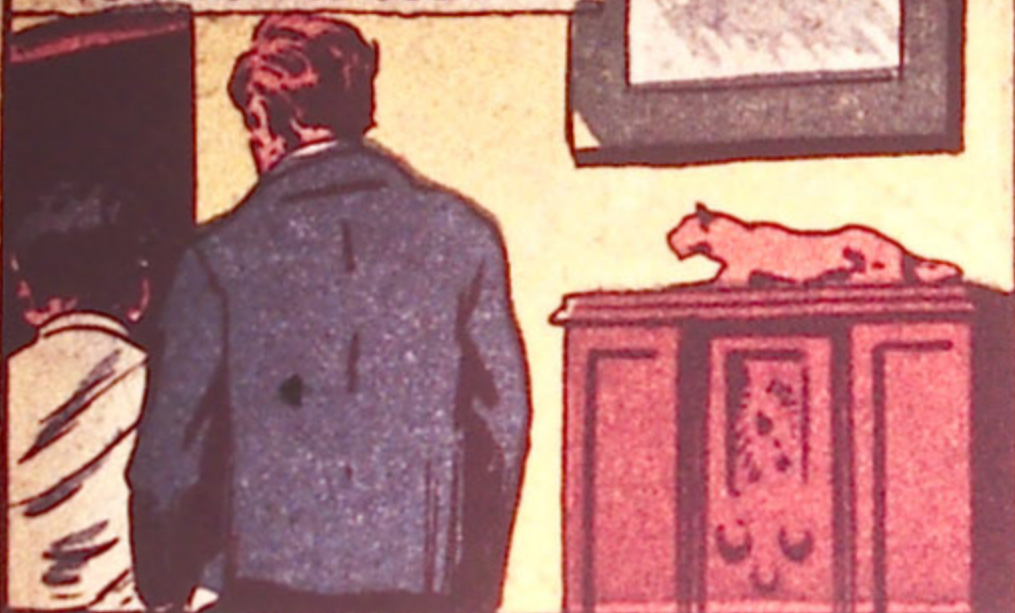
AT THE SOUND OF JOE'S GUN, THE TWO  
MEN FIRE—

THE CRIMSON AVENGER STEPS FROM BEHIND  
THE DRAPERIES—

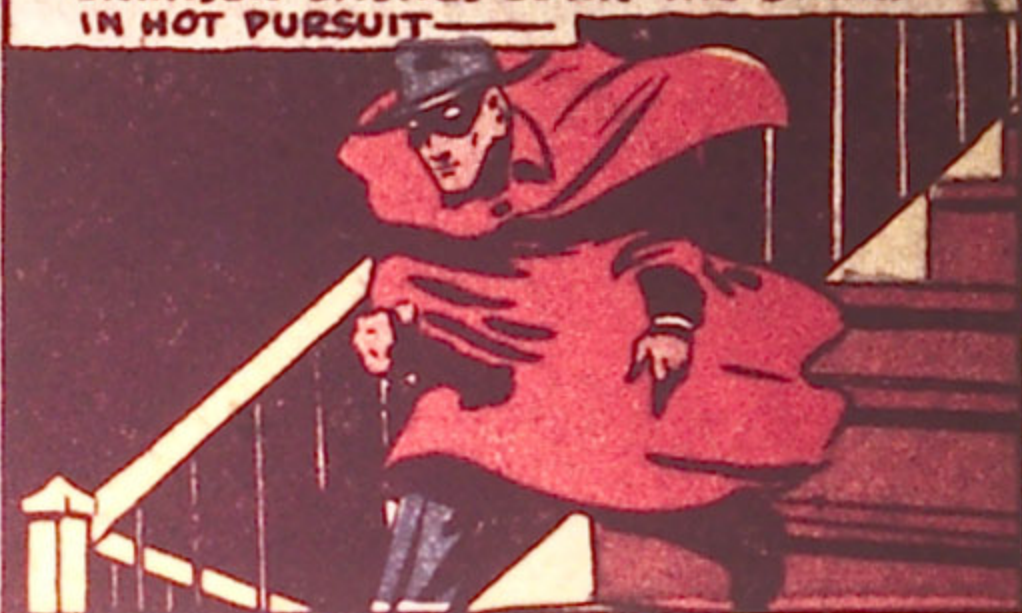
DON'T MOVE!  
DROP THOSE  
GUNS!

THEY CAN'T TALK!  
THEY ACT LIKE  
MECHANICAL MEN! I  
WONDER WHY THEY  
DON'T SHOOT!

AS THE RADIO WHINES, THE FIGURES MOVE TOWARD THE DOOR —



SEEING THEM ENTER AN ELEVATOR, THE CRIMSON DASHES DOWN THE STAIRS IN HOT PURSUIT —



THE CRIMSON LEAPS TO THE NEXT ROOF —



— AND THEN TO THE GROUND —



THE CRIMSON LEAPS ON BACK OF THE CAR THE MEN GOT INTO —

JUST MADE IT! NOW I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BUSINESS, I HOPE!



HEY, MATT, THERE'S SOME MUG HANGIN' ON THE BACK! I SAW HIM IN THE MIRROR.

WE'LL SHAKE HIM OFF. THEN PICK HIM UP — THE BOSS CAN USE HIM.



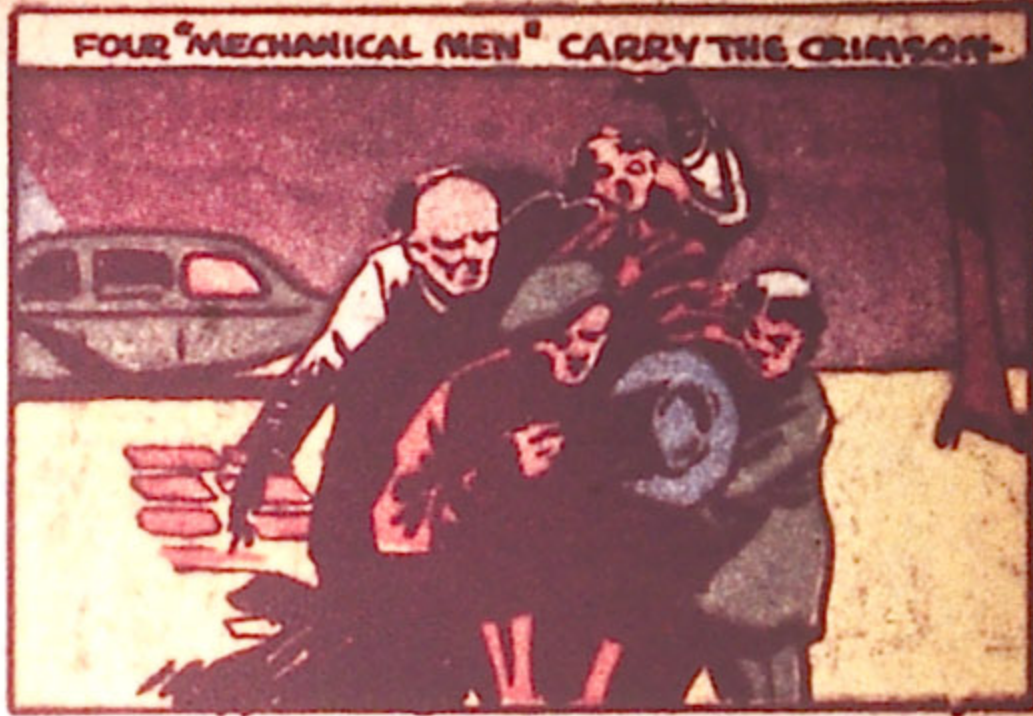
AS THEY HIT A TERRIFIC BUMP —



THAT GOT HIM,  
MATT. NOW WE'LL  
BLINDFOLD HIM  
AND STICK HIM IN  
THE CAR.



FOUR 'MECHANICAL MEN' CARRY THE CRIMSON—



WELL, THEY'RE  
LOCKED IN. LET'S  
TELL THE CHIEF  
ABOUT THIS NEW  
ONE.

O.K. WE'LL  
LEAVE HIM  
HERE.



HE'S GONE!  
HE WAS RIGHT  
THERE!

GONE! FIND HIM,  
YOU FOOLS BEFORE  
HE MAKES TROUBLE.



WELL HIDDEN IN A NICHE THE CRIMSON  
PONDERS OVER WHAT HE HAS SEEN—

THOSE POOR DEVILS,  
ACT LIKE ZOMBIS!  
THERE MUST BE SOME  
MASTER FIEND BEHIND  
ALL THIS.

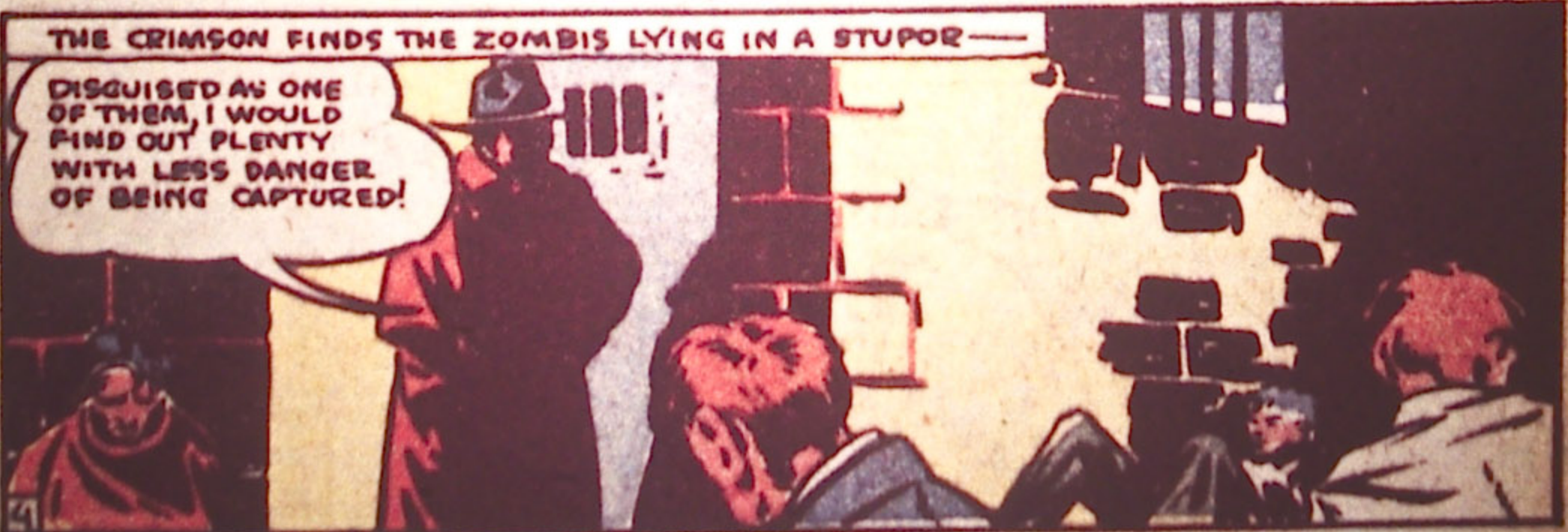


I'M GOING TO  
SEE WHAT I  
CAN FIND OUT  
IN HERE!



THE CRIMSON FINDS THE ZOMBIS LYING IN A STUPOR—

DISGUISED AS ONE  
OF THEM, I WOULD  
FIND OUT PLENTY  
WITH LESS DANGER  
OF BEING CAPTURED!



WE'VE SEARCHED  
THE PLACE FROM  
TOP TO BOTTOM, CHIEF.  
HE AIN'T HERE.

HE COULDN'T HAVE  
GOTTEN AWAY, SO  
KEEP YOUR EYES  
OPEN!

LET THE ZOMBIS  
OUT—TONIGHT  
WE SACRIFICE  
THE GIRL!

HIDING A GUN BENEATH HIS TUNIC, THE  
CRIMSON FILES OUT WITH THE ZOMBIS—

THE WIERD BEAT OF A DRUM HERALDS  
THE APPROACH OF THE SACRIFICE—

GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S  
LINDA PERRY THE  
HEIRESS WHO WAS  
KIDNAPPED!

ONCE AGAIN IN THE CRIMSON CLOAK, LEE  
PROCEEDS TO USE HIS SMALL WIRELESS SET—

I'LL GET THIS  
MESSAGE TO  
GOOD OLD WING!  
"BRING POLICE  
-- KNOB HILL."

MEANWHILE THE CEREMONY CONTINUES AS THEY PLACE A GIANT KING COBRA ON THE  
THRONE. THE ZOMBIS FALL IN MUTE TRIBUTE TO THEIR GOD!

THE CRIMSON HIDES AS SOMEONE APPROACHES—



WHAT TH—!



IN THE THRONE ROOM THE ZOMBIS ARE COMMANDED TO RUSH THE CRIMSON—



THE POLICE ARRIVE—



YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON ALONE FROM HERE, MISS PERRY! I CAN'T FACE THE POLICE.

YOU KNOW MY NAME! WHO ARE YOU?



WE GOT 'EM ALL, SARGE. I COULD OF SWORN I SAW THE CRIMSON, THO! WHAT SORT OF A RACKET WAS THIS?



THESE POOR DEVILS WERE THE POWER OF THE FIEND WHO WAS USING THEM TO WIPE OUT THE BIG GANGSTERS. THEN HE WOULD TAKE OVER.



WATCH FOR MORE THRILLS WITH THE CRIMSON AVENGER IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



# BRUCE

# NELSON

— — —  
*Gamblers  
Waterloo.*

ONE FALL AFTERNOON  
THE TRAIN ROLLED INTO  
PRINCELEY JUNCTION, THE  
HOME OF PRINCELEY UNIVER-  
SITY. BRUCE NELSON STEP-  
PED DOWN TO THE PLATFORM.



HE MADE HIS WAY UP THE FAMILIAR ELM  
SHADED STREET TOWARDS THE UNIVERSITY.



WELL IF IT ISN'T  
BRUCE NELSON! IT'S  
GOOD TO SEE YOU MY  
BOY. DOWN FOR  
SATURDAY'S BIG  
GAME, I SUPPOSE?

PROFESSOR  
GRIGSBY! HOW  
ARE YOU? —  
YES, IN A WAY  
I AM.



HE WENT DOWN OSBORNE STREET AND  
CUT ACROSS ONE OF THE LARGE SOCCER AND  
LACROSSA FIELDS, COMING FINALLY TO THE  
GATES OF GIANTIC PRESTON STADIUM.



HE ENTERED THE LONG PASSAGE WAY THAT  
LED TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND THEN OUT  
TO THE PLAYING FIELD. HE STOOD THERE A  
MOMENT LOOKING OUT OVER THE FAMILIAR  
BATTLE SCORRED TURF AND HIS MIND FLASHED  
BACK OVER A SHORT FIVE YEAR SPAN WHEN HE  
WAS THE STAR OF THIS SETTING.



OUT ON THE FIELD IN THE GATHERING  
DUSK THREE TEAMS WERE RUNNING  
THRU SIGNAL PRACTICE. A KEENEYED  
KINDLY FACED, GRAY HAURED MAN WATCHED  
THEM INTENTLY.



GOOD OLD POP BARRIS. THE  
BEST COACH AND PAL THAT EVER  
LIVED.



HELLO YOU OLD RASCAL!  
HOW'S THE WORLD'S LUCKIEST COACH?

SO YOU FINALLY  
GOT WISE TO ME, EH?  
— YOU'RE LOOKING  
GREAT BRUCE. — I'M  
SURE GLAD YOU COULD  
COME.

POP'S WHISTLE WHIRLED.

ALL RIGHT BOYS! THAT'S ALL. IN ON THE  
RUN!  
JORDAN! HAVE  
MAX TAKE A  
GOOD LOOK AT  
THAT KNEE.

I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE GOT  
QUITE A TEAM THIS YEAR, POP.

IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS IT'S  
CRACKED UP TO BE, BRUCE.  
IT'S A ONE MAN BALL CLUB.

AND THERE GOES MY BALL CLUB, JIM BAKER. HE'S  
THE BEST BACK I'VE HAD SINCE YOU WERE IN SCHOOL. MY  
WHOLE TEAM IS BUILT AROUND HIM. HE'S THE REASON WHY  
I CALLED YOU DOWN HERE.

THAT EVENING AFTER DINNER AT POP BARRIS' HOME.

HERE'S THE REASON WHY I SENT FOR YOU BRUCE.  
I RECEIVED THIS LETTER DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. I DON'T  
KNOW WHETHER IT'S A HOAX OR THEY REALLY MEAN BUSINESS.

"Baker must not play against Monmouth  
Saturday. If he does, he'll never play in  
another game.

Remember, —  
this boy's life  
rests in your  
hands. Don't  
let him down!  
— we mean  
business!"

— signed,  
— X.Y.Z.

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF A GAMBLER WAS TRYING TO PROTECT  
HIMSELF AND TRYING TO SCARE ME OUT OF USING BAKER. HE  
KNOWS I CAN'T WIN WITHOUT HIM. MONMOUTH WOULD BE A  
SURE THING IF WE DIDN'T HAVE BAKER. HOW ABOUT IT BRUCE?  
DO YOU THINK ANY  
ONE WOULD HAVE  
NERVE ENOUGH TO  
TRY AND KILL  
THE BOY?

YES I DO. I'VE HEARD OF THE X.Y.Z. RING BEFORE IN  
CONNECTION WITH HORSE RACING AND PRIZE FIGHTS. NOW  
THEY'RE TRYING TO STICK THEIR FINGER IN INTERCOLLEGIATE  
FOOTBALL EH? — YOUR  
TEAM HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED  
AS THE FAVORITE, POP. THIS  
GANG HAS BET HEAVILY ON  
MONMOUTH, BEING PRETTY  
SURE MONMOUTH WILL WIN  
IF BAKER IS OUT OF YOUR  
LINE UP. THEY CAN'T  
STAND TO LOSE ALL THOSE  
BETS, SO THEY'LL STOP AT  
NOTHING TO GET BAKER  
OUT OF THERE.

I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING POP, BUT I'LL TRY AND CLEAR THIS UP SO YOU CAN START BAKER AND RUD MONMOUTH RIGHT OFF THE MAP. — BY THE WAY, DOES TONY DI NATALE STILL RUN THE BLUE GOOSE?



YEH, THEY CLOSED DOWN ON HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES FOR RUNNING A GAMBLING JOINT BUT HE'S OPEN AGAIN AND GOING STRONG, I UNDERSTAND.

NELSON RENTED A CAR AND WENT SPINNING UP THE SUNSET TURNPIKE TOWARDS THE BLUE GOOSE INN.



THE BLUE GOOSE WAS A VERY MODERN HOT SPOT FIVE MILES OUT OF PRINCELEY. IT WAS RUN BY AN ITALIAN OF SHADY REPUTATION AND FREQUENTED A GOOD DEAL BY STUDENTS, CHIEFLY BECAUSE THE UNIVERSITY FROWNED UPON IT.



GOOD EVENING, SIR.

G'WAN! SOMEBODY TOLD YOU.



NELSON WANDERED INTO THE BAR.

WELL IF IT ISN'T THE OLD ALL-AMERICAN HIMSELF! DOWN FOR THE BIG GAME, NELSON?

HELLO TONY. HOW'S BUSINESS?

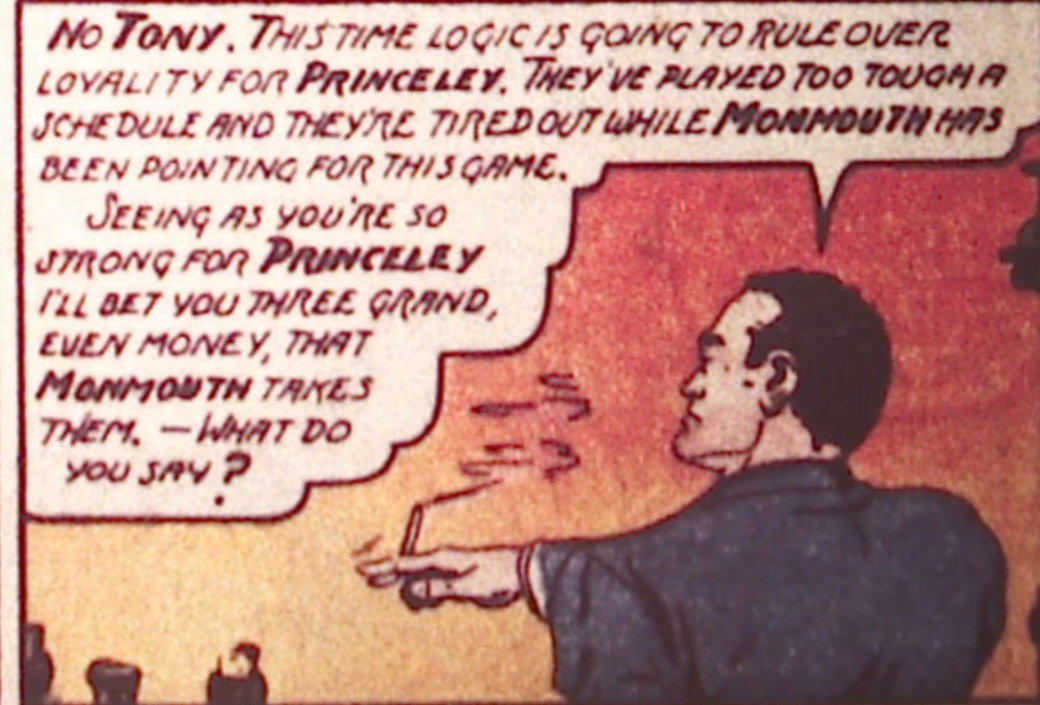


PRINCELEY HAS A GREAT TEAM THIS YEAR. THAT BOY BAKER IS A WOW! I SUPPOSE YOUR TRUE TO THE OLD ALMA MATER AND ARE BACKING THEM STRONG, EH NELSON?



NO TONY. THIS TIME LOGIC IS GOING TO RULE OVER LOYALTY FOR PRINCELEY. THEY'VE PLAYED TOO TOUGH A SCHEDULE AND THEY'RE TIRED OUT WHILE MONMOUTH HAS BEEN POINTING FOR THIS GAME.

SEEING AS YOU'RE SO STRONG FOR PRINCELEY I'LL BET YOU THREE GRAND, EVEN MONEY, THAT MONMOUTH TAKES THEM. — WHAT DO YOU SAY?



HA, HA, YOU'RE JOKING. YOU WOULDN'T BET AGAINST PRINCELEY. AND EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T I NEVER TAKE EASY MONEY FROM OLD FRIENDS. — ENJOY YOURSELF — SEE YOU LATER.



HE NEVER TAKES EASY MONEY FROM OLD FRIENDS, — NUTS! THAT CUT THROAT WOULD MURDER HIS GRAND MOTHER FOR A DIME. HE WOULD HAVE SNAPPED UP THAT BET ONLY HE DIDN'T WANT TO BET AGAINST MONMOUTH — WHY? BECAUSE HE'S IN ON THIS SCHEME TO GET BAKER OUT OF THAT GAME SO THEY CAN MAKE A KILLING ON MONMOUTH.



IF I COULD GET UP STAIRS TO DI NATALE'S PRIVATE OFFICE, I MIGHT FIND SOME PAPERS OR LETTERS OR SOMETHING THAT MIGHT PROVE USEFUL. — HE WENT INTO THE DINING ROOM. HE'LL PROBABLY BE THERE AWHILE. — I THINK I'LL CHANCE IT.



SO FAR — SO GOOD.



THE DOOR TO DI NATALE'S PRIVATE OFFICE WAS UNLOCKED. NELSON WAS RUMMAGING AROUND UNSUCCESSFULLY WHEN HE HEARD FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALL OUTSIDE.



SOMEONE'S COMING!

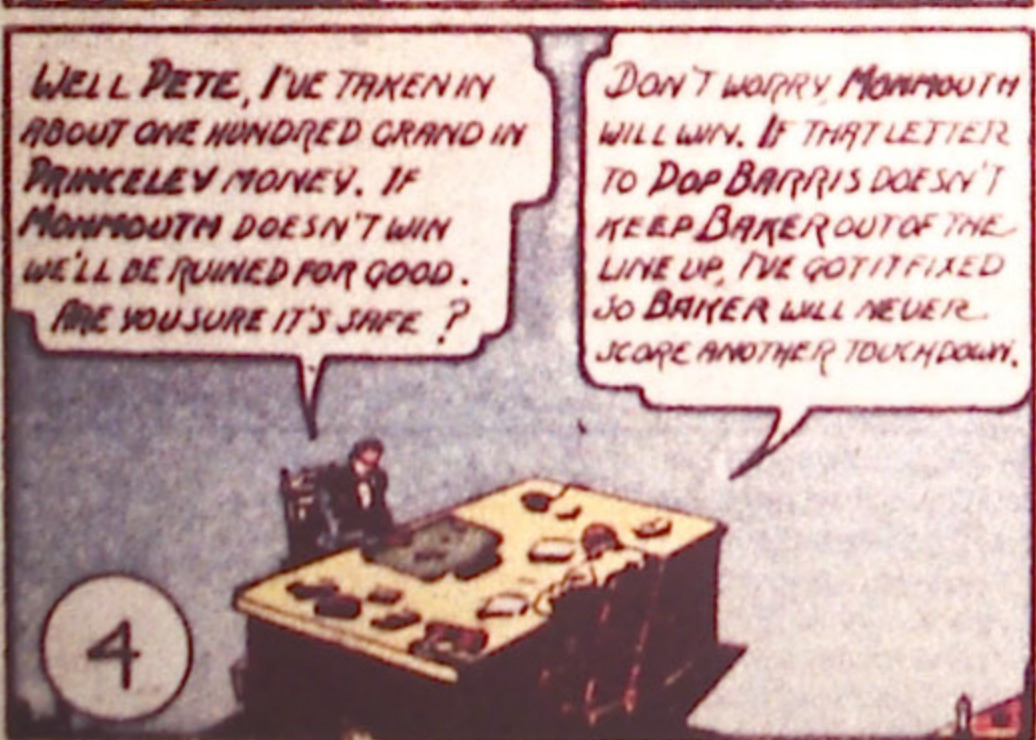
HE DUCKED INTO A PARTLY CURTAINED ALCOVE JUST AS DI NATALE AND A LARGE HEAVY SET MAN ENTERED THE ROOM.



WELL I'LL BE —! IT'S BIG PETE RINES. THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN THE EAST.

WELL PETE, I'VE TAKEN IN ABOUT ONE HUNDRED GRAND IN PRINCELEY MONEY. IF MONMOUTH DOESN'T WIN WE'LL BE RUINED FOR GOOD. ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?

DON'T WORRY, MONMOUTH WILL WIN. IF THAT LETTER TO POP BARRIS DOESN'T KEEP BAKER OUT OF THE LINE UP, I'VE GOT IT FIXED SO BAKER WILL NEVER SCORE ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN.



HERE'S THE SETUP. THE HEAD LINESMAN IN THAT GAME SATURDAY IS HARRISON THORPE. YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM. HE'S THE FAMOUS BIG GAME HUNTER. WELL HE —



NELSON LISTENED TO THEIR PLAN FROM HIS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT. THE BOLDNESS AND COLD BLOODEDNESS OF IT MADE HIM GASP.



WHY THOSE LOW DOWNY  
—DIRTY—! I'LL  
BREAK THOSE BIRDS  
IF IT'S THE LAST  
THING I DO!

HE DASHED UP TO POP BARRIS' HOUSE AND HAULED THE GREY HAired COACH FROM BED.

LISTEN POP! IT'S ALL SET. YOU CAN  
START JIM BAKER SATURDAY. BUT  
THERE'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO DO.  
YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME A JOB AS ONE OF  
THE LINESMEN. PULL ALL THE WIRES  
YOU CAN AND GET IT FOR ME!

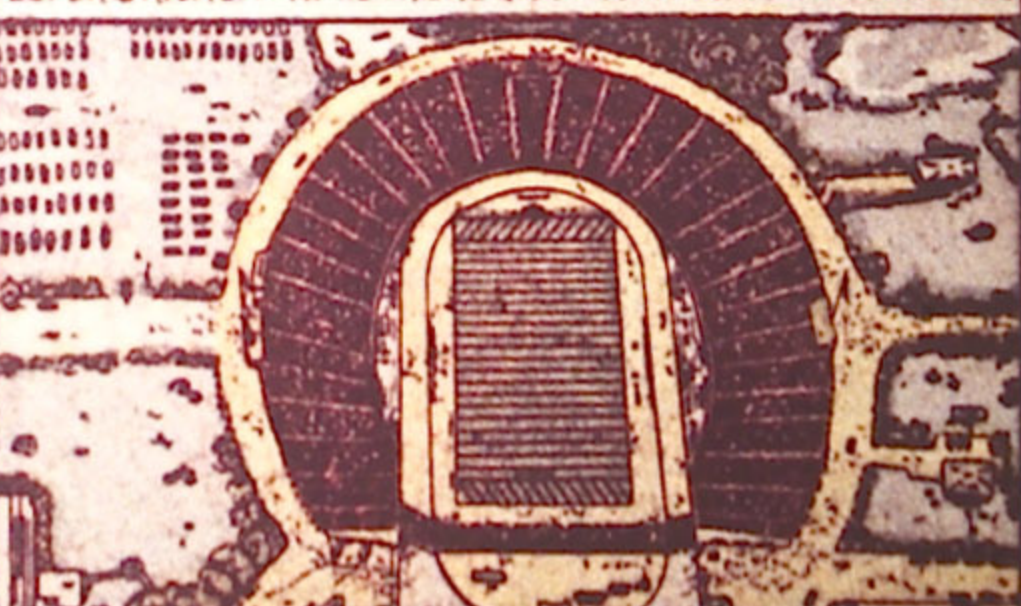


I'LL DO ALL I  
CAN BRUCE —  
YOU'RE SURE IT'S  
SAFE TO USE  
BAKER?

THE CONVERSATION LASTED ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. THEN THE TWO GAMBLERS LEFT THE ROOM. NELSON MANAGED TO ESCAPE SAFELY AND HEADED BACK INTO TOWN.



SATURDAY DAWNED CLEAR AND CRISP. FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE KICKOFF TIME THE HUGE STADIUM WAS NEARLY FULL.



DOWN IN THE OFFICIALS DRESSING ROOM NELSON MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HARRISON THORPE, THE HEAD LINESMAN.

I'LL BET YOU WISH YOU WERE  
OUT THERE TO- DAY, EH, NELSON?



I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR  
THORPE. THEY'D BREAK ME  
IN HALF.

MONMOUTH WON THE TOSS  
AND KICKED OFF  
TO PRINCELEY.



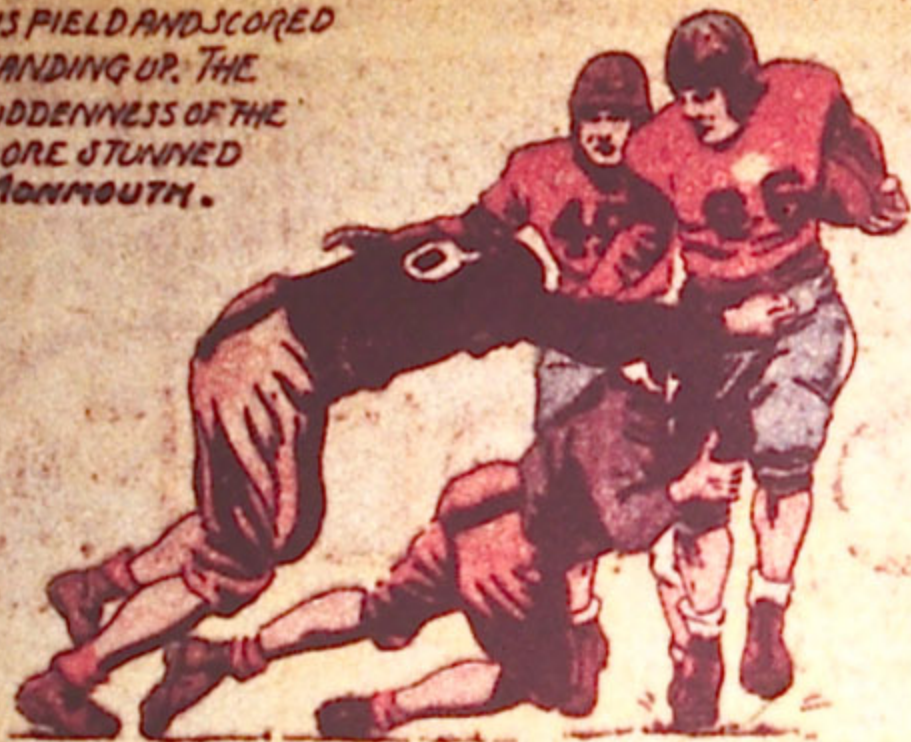
WHILE ACROSS THE HALL IN THE PRINCELEY DRESSING ROOM POP BARRIS ISSUES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEAM.



BAKER CAUGHT IT ON  
HIS OWN FIVE YARD LINE  
AND DENIED BEAUTIFULL  
BLOCKING WENT ALL THE  
WAY DOWN TO THE  
MONMOUTH THIRTY  
WHERE HE WAS STOPPED.



SIMPSON GAINED THREE YARDS AND BAKER PICKED UP TWO MORE, THEN ON THIRD DOWN HE SLASHED OFF TACKLE, REVERSED HIS FIELD AND SCORED STANDING UP. THE SUDDENNESS OF THE SCORE STUNNED MONMOUTH.



FOLLOWING THE SCORE POP DECIDED TO PLAY SAFE AND WITH DREW BAKER. IN THE THIRD QUARTER A DETERMINED MONMOUTH TEAM SCORED. THEY CONVERTED AND TOOK THE LEAD, 7-6.



BUT NELSON WASN'T WATCHING BAKER, HE WAS WATCHING THORPE. THE HEADLINESMAN HURRIEDLY REMOVED THE TIP AND TOP FROM HIS MARKING STICK AND PLACING IT TO HIS MOUTH POINTED IT TOWARDS THE ONRUSHING BAKER.



THORPE DROPPED THE STICK AND LOOKED UP IN AGONIZED SURPRISE, A BULLET HOLE THROUGH HIS HAND, AS BAKER SPED DOWN THE FIELD TO THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN.



WHY THE STADIUM WASN'T TONY DINE AND THE BIG PETER RINES.



IN THE FOURTH QUARTER IT HAPPENED. WITH THE BALL ON PRINCELEY'S TWENTY YARD LINE BAKER JUMPED HIMSELF FREE AROUND MONMOUTH'S LEFT END. HIS BLOCKERS STOPPED UP THE SECONDARY. IT WAS OBVIOUS BAKER WAS LOOSE FOR A LONG-RUN, PROBABLY A TOUCHDOWN. HE VEERED TOWARD THE SIDE LINE, DIRECTLY TOWARD THORPE AND NELSON.



WITHOUT HESITATION, NELSON WHIPPED OUT A SMALL GUN WITH A SILENCER AND FIRED.



AFTER THE GAME IN POP BARRIS' OFFICE IN THE GYM.

YES, POP, THIS HARMLESS LOOKING THING ALL MOST MEANT THE DEATH OF YOUNG JIM BAKER. WITH THE TIP AND TOP REMOVED IT BECAME A BLOW GUN FOR SHOOTING POISON DARTS.

YOU KNOW HARRISON THORPE WAS A BIG GAME HUNTER AND THE SAVAGES THAT USE THESE THINGS TAUGHT THORPE HOW WHEN HE WAS AMONGST THEM. I PLUGGED HIM JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SINK ONE INTO BAKER.



**T**HE yard of the American and Western Railroad at San Francisco buzzed with activity and excitement. And the reason for it all was that the company's crack train, the Flying Ace, was about to leave on its second and possibly the record run between the Golden Gate City and Salt Lake City, over 500 miles away.

It whistled through Sacramento and was checked far ahead of schedule as it streaked by Carson City. And that was the last heard of the Flying Ace for some time, for it seemed to have disappeared completely from the face of the earth!

The officials of the American and

"Please don't be alarmed . . . at least, not too much," said the mysterious stranger. "You see, this happens to be a train robbery. You've probably seen it occur time and again in the moving pictures. The purpose of the robbery, of course, is to secure the \$3,000,000 in gold that now rests in the baggage car. If you re-

# RAILROAD RIDDLE

By

Paul Dean

The very fact that the company intended to break the existing record would have caused keen anticipation. But added to this was the interesting news that the Flying Ace would also carry \$3,000,000 in gold bullion for the Federal Bank in Salt Lake City.

The train crew went over every inch of the Flying Ace, checking and re-checking the engine, polishing and cleaning its stainless steel body till it glistened like a huge silver bar in the morning sunlight. The gold bullion was loaded into the freight car directly behind the engine and the doors were then sealed and locked. The passengers consisted of several officials of the American and Western, and numerous dignitaries representing the cities of San Francisco and Salt Lake City. The time-pieces were set and the word was given for the Flying Ace to start its record-breaking attempt. Amid the shouting, band playing, flag waving and general fanfare that accompanies such occasions the long silvery train rolled out of the western terminal and raced along the tracks with fascinating speed, increasing steadily with each tick of the clock.

Western sank back with ease and satisfaction in the comfortable chairs in the drawing room and chuckled contentedly.

"If this won't make our competitors sit up and take notice, nothing will!" laughed Harvey Gray, vice-president of the road. He chewed on



a fat cigar and beamed cheerfully at the blurred scenery outside the window.

At that instant, the train slowed down and finally came to a halt. Gray leaped to his feet and raced through the car to the front platform. "What's happened? Why has the train been stopped? What's the meaning of all this?" he shouted, purple in the face.

The door in the rear of the car opened and the figure of a man entered. His face was covered with a black bandana, and in his hands he held two nasty looking automatics. He waved them at the startled officials and motioned Gray to be seated. The vice-president paled and slumped into a chair.

main quiet and do just as you are told, I guarantee no harm will come to you."

Gray jumped to his feet. "But you can't do this! You can't get away with it!"

"But I'm afraid I can," the stranger answered. "I've made excellent and minute preparations for this one task. And you must admit that it'll be worth my while!"

He stepped out and closed the door behind him. Gray and the others dashed for the door but found it locked, as was the exit at the other end of the car.

**T**HE train started forward again. The officials pressed their faces against the window panes to catch a glimpse of someone or something that might explain this unbelievable occurrence. They rolled along slowly and then the Flying Ace switched from the main line and headed down a siding that ran between the walls of a narrow canyon. The train continued for about an eighth of a mile and then came to another stop.

From the windows Gray and the others could see several masked men marching the gagged conductors, with their hands bound behind their backs, to a roughly constructed shed. There came a clicking at the lock and the door to the drawing car opened and the stranger with the automatics appeared.

"You will leave the car, gentlemen, and proceed to the shack at the end of the tracks." He kept the pistol in readiness as the officials filed out one by one. In the small, wooden building each of the passengers was

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...tied hand and foot. In one corner Gray saw the bound figure of Jenkins, the old and trusted engineer of the Flying Ace. Standing over him, though, was the fireman, neither bound nor gagged but holding an automatic in his hand. He, at least, explained how these holdup men accomplished the deed; he was one of the gang.

The doors of the baggage car were forced open and the masked men proceeded to carry out the bars of gold and stack them on the floor of the shack. This process required fifteen or twenty minutes at the end of which the holdup men directed their prisoners into the empty baggage car and locked them in.

There were five in all, the disguised fireman and the four masked bandits; and returning to the shack, they prepared to dispose of their valuable haul.

"The whole thing was quite simple," remarked the obvious leader, taking off the black bandana covering his face.

"Perhaps," said one of the bandits, "but this little episode hasn't been completed yet!"

"I don't understand what you mean," replied the first one.

"Just this," the other answered, and bringing his arms up he leveled a pair of gleaming automatics at the group. "Right along you apparently thought that I was Nick Docci, one of your pals; but I'm afraid you've

been a bit mistaken. You see, Nick is now resting in the city jail in San Francisco; we picked him up right after you fellows had your final meeting to work out the plans of holding the Flying Ace up. Maybe you weren't aware of the fact that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been trailing your outfit for the past three months, just waiting for an opportunity like this to nab you all together!"



He disarmed the four bandits and binding each one securely, locked them in the shed. Removing his mask, the G-man then walked back to the baggage car and freed the startled

and somewhat frightened officials. To their utter relief he explained the entire story and suggested that the four bandits be placed in the baggage car together with the gold bullion they so eagerly desired, and returned to San Francisco. Gray and the others heartily approved the plan and within an hour, the Flying Ace backed out of the siding onto the main track. Several hours later it rolled into the Pacific Coast terminal.

The morning papers ran large, glaring headlines about the frustrated holdup and people by the thousands bought copies to read the unique story of the kidnaping of a railroad train.

"We didn't break the record," said Vice-President Gray, shaking the G-man's hand before a crowd of newspaper reporters and motion picture photographers. "But we did save \$3,000,000 in gold and every bit of credit goes to you for the way you rounded up the bandits single handed!"

The Federal agent smiled. "It's very kind of you to say that but I'm afraid that I wasn't entirely responsible for the arrest of those men. You must remember that I had the full cooperation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation behind me!"

The reporters jotted down the remarks and the cameras clicked on this modest hero.

THE END

## Special Christmas Offer

Here's a Christmas present that every boy and girl will be only too eager to have . . . one that will make them happy and contented the whole year 'round. What is it? A new issue of ACTION COMICS or DETECTIVE COMICS or ADVENTURE COMICS or MORE FUN COMICS, or better yet, a copy of each of these dandy magazines to greet them every month!

Use this order blank—order as many subscriptions as you wish. Fill in your name below, and on a separate sheet write plainly the names and addresses of the boys and girls who are to receive the subscriptions. Enclose money order or check to cover full amount of subscriptions ordered.

Tell us whether we should send ACTION COMICS or DETECTIVE COMICS or ADVENTURE COMICS, or MORE FUN COMICS, or ALL FOUR.

DETECTIVE COMICS,

480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

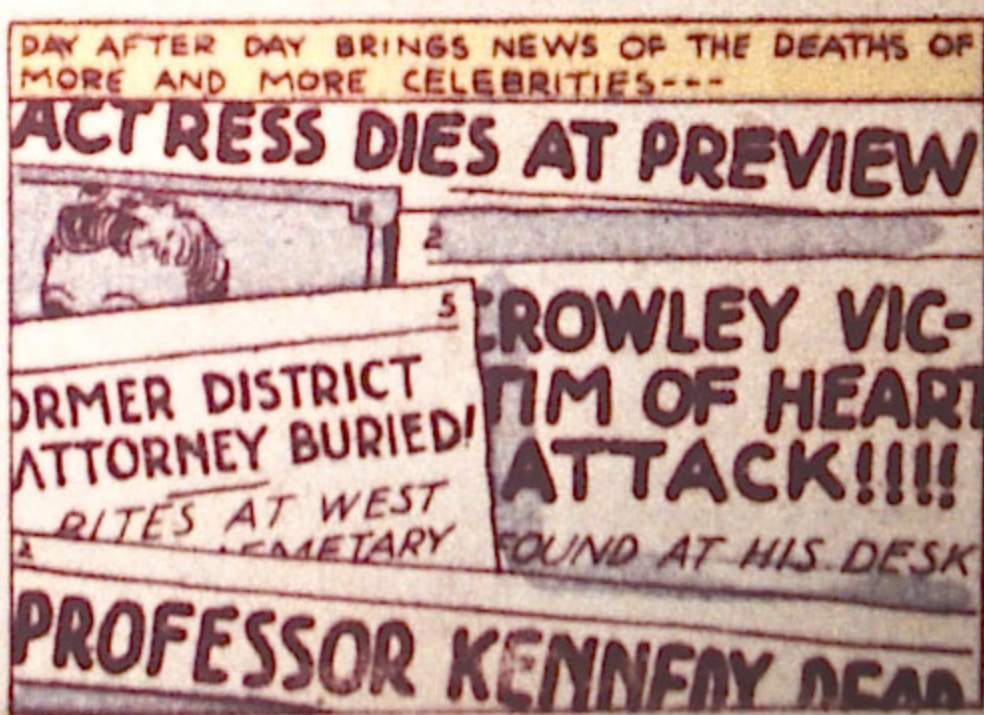
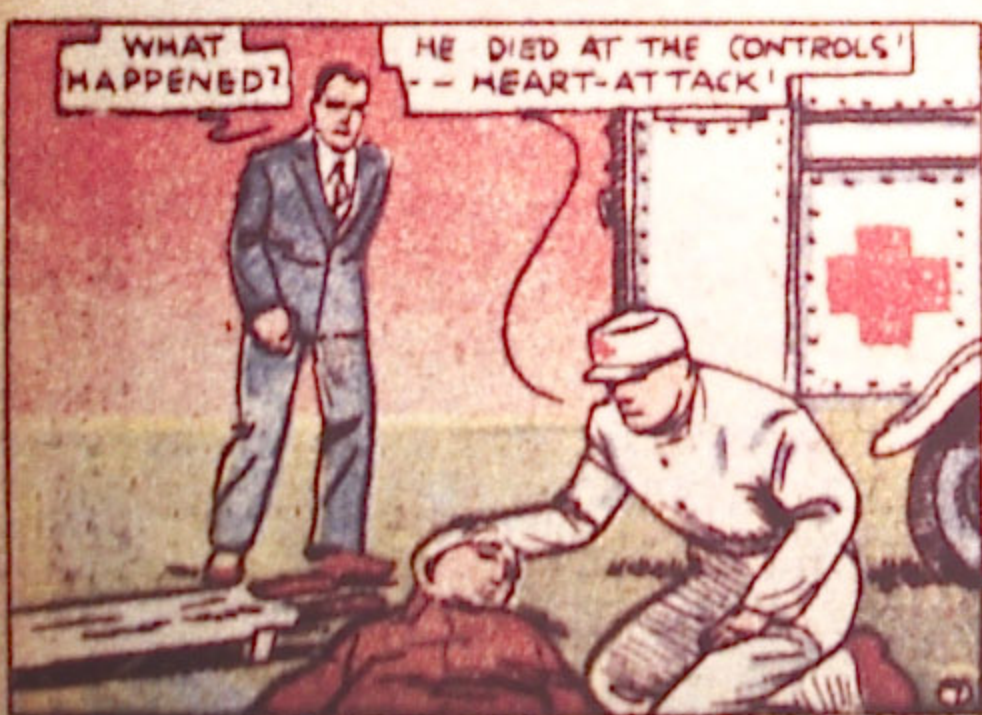
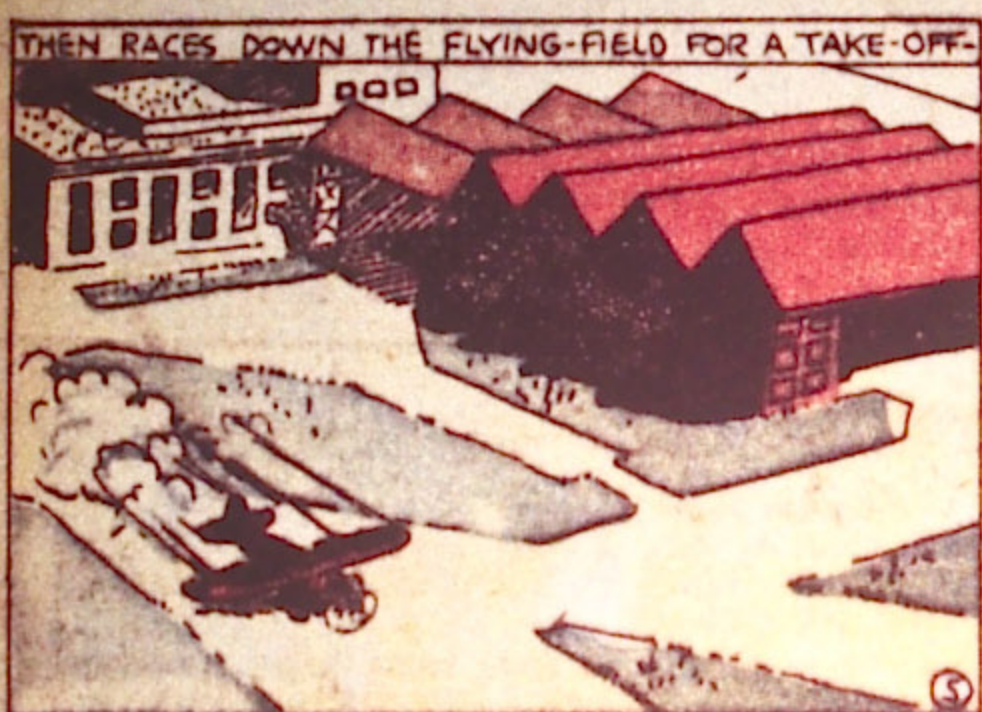
I am enclosing the names and addresses to whom I wish to make Xmas gifts of ACTION COMICS ( ), DETECTIVE COMICS ( ), ADVENTURE COMICS ( ), MORE FUN COMICS ( ), or ALL FOUR ( ). Mark X after whatever book or books you desire.

I am enclosing a ☐ check for \$.....to cover these subscriptions.  
☐ M. O. (Full in amount)

### SPECIAL XMAS PRICES

1 year of 1 magazine (12 issues)....\$1.00  
 1 year of 2 magazines (24 issues)....\$1.75  
 1 year of 3 magazines (36 issues)....\$2.75  
 1 year of ALL FOUR (4) magazines  
 (48 issues)....\$3.50

NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY.....  
 STATE.....



OFFICES OF U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS---

SALLY AND BART MEET  
DICK KNIGHT, ANOTHER  
OF OUR AGENTS.

PLEASED TO MEET  
YOU, DICK!

I HOPE YOU'LL CON-  
TINUE TO FEEL THAT  
WAY AFTER THE CHIEF  
EXPLAINS WHY WE'RE  
BEING INTRODUCED!



THERE HAS BEEN AN UNUSUALLY GREAT NUMBER OF  
DEATHS THRU HEART-ATTACK RECENTLY. AGENT  
KNIGHT SUSPECTED THAT THESE DEATHS OF PROMI-  
NENT INDIVIDUALS WERE NOT ACCIDENTAL, BUT  
DELIBERATELY PLANNED AND EXECUTED. HE'LL TELL  
YOU HIMSELF WHAT HE DISCOVERED.



FOR A LONG TIME I WAS BAFFLED. THE HEART-  
ATTACKS APPEARED GENUINE ENOUGH. BUT ONE  
DAY, WHILE SEARCHING THE EFFECTS OF ONE OF  
THE DEATHS, I MADE A STRANGE DISCOVERY.



I FOUND  
THIS!

WHY IT'S JUST  
A BUTTON!

THAT'S RIGHT. A BUTTON  
FROM THE JACKET OF  
ONE OF THE MURDERED  
MEN!

BUT WHAT HAS A MERE  
BUTTON TO DO WITH THE  
DEATHS?



EXAMINATION SHOWED THAT THE BUTTON CON-  
TAINED A MICROSCOPICALLY-SMALL RADIO-  
MECHANISM. DO YOU SEE IT?



AND YOU  
THINK--?

THAT IN SOME WAY--JUST HOW I DON'T  
KNOW--THIS TIES UP WITH THE DEATHS--  
FOR EVERY VICTIM OF HEART-ATTACK  
HAD SUCH A BUTTON SUBSTITUTED ON  
HIM!

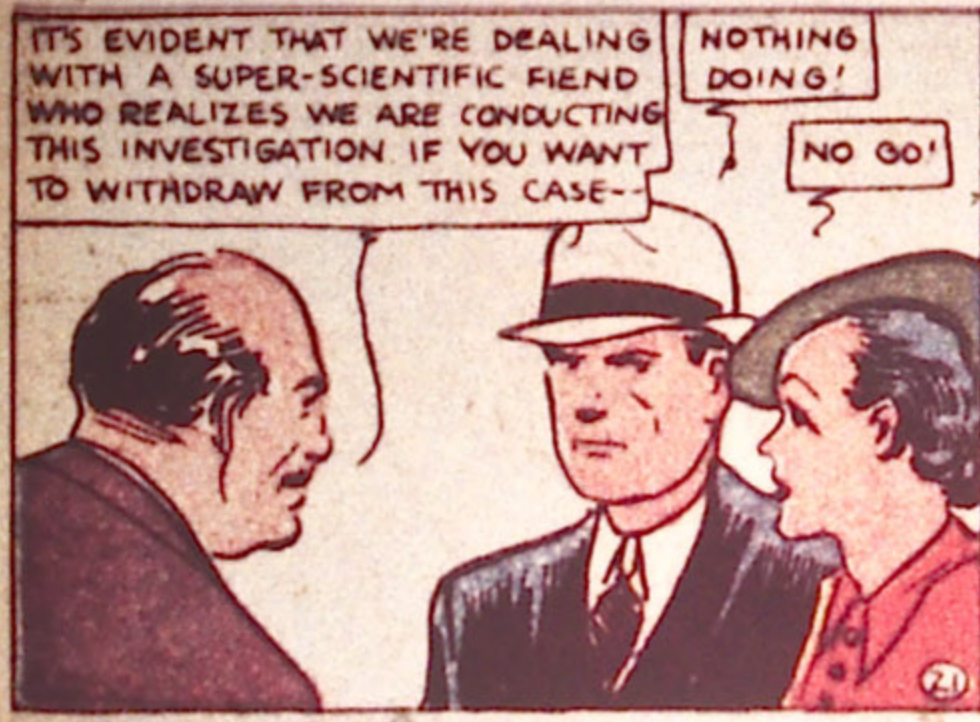
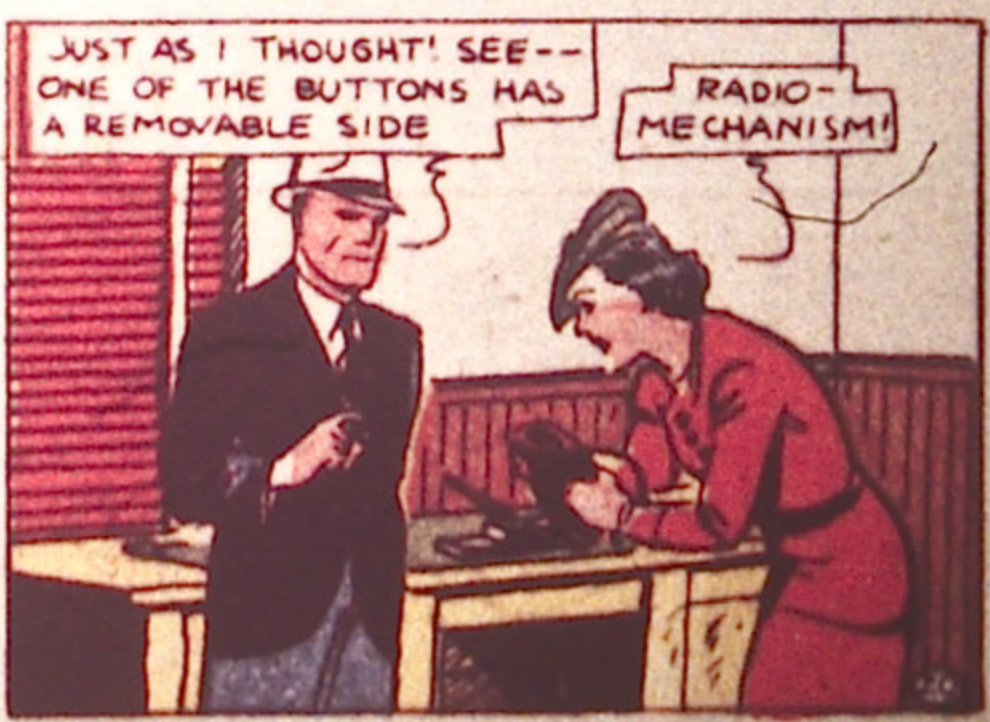
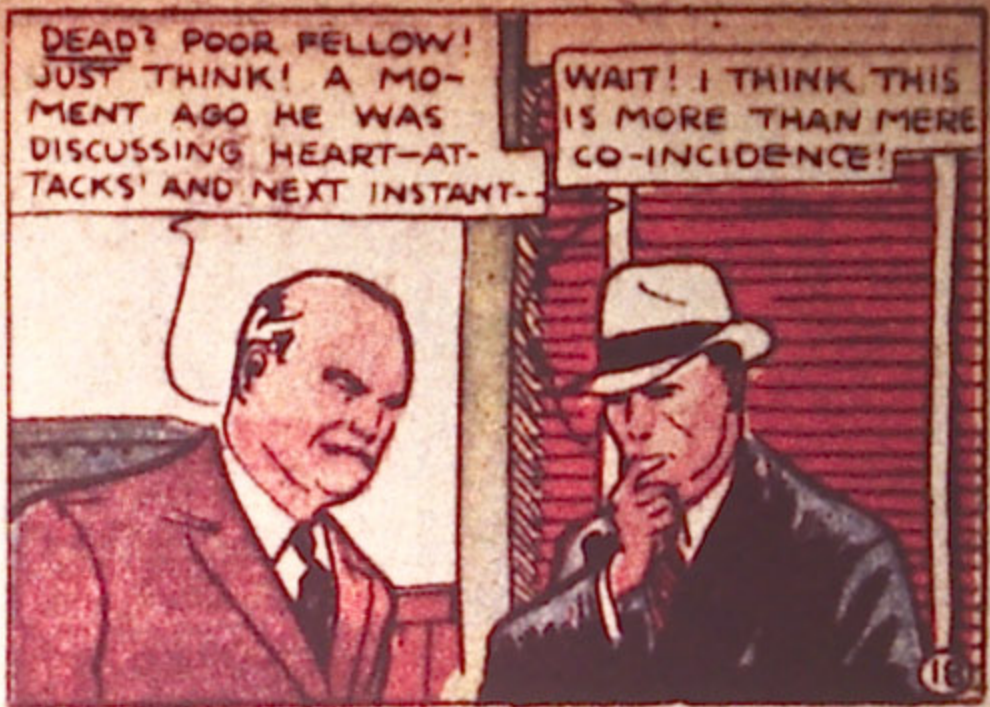


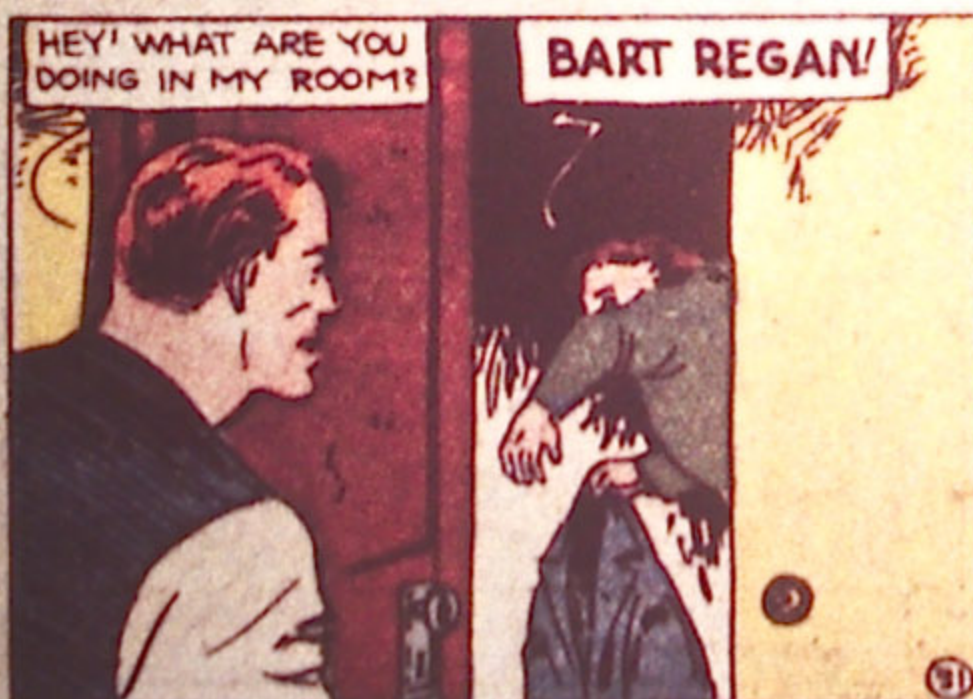
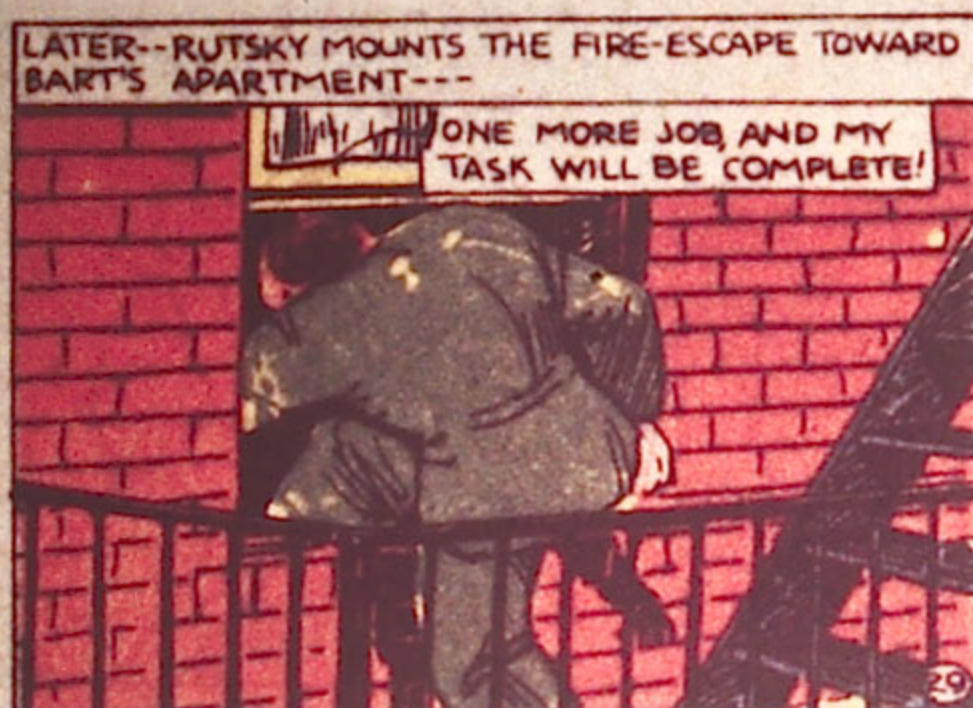
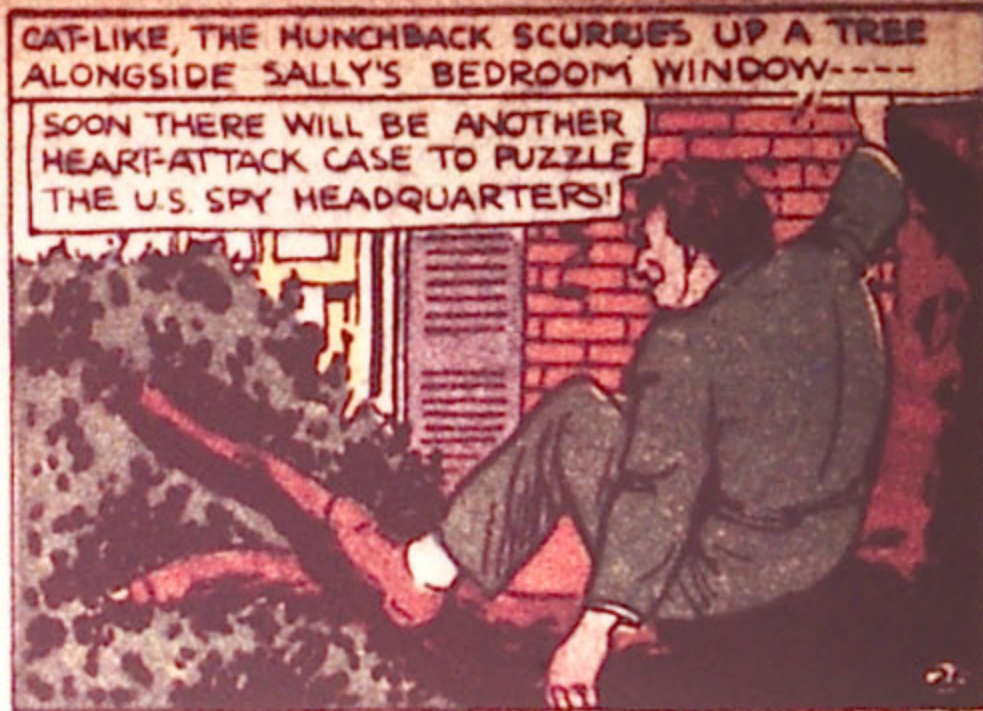
I HAVE A DEFINITE  
CLUE, THO' IT IS  
THAT DOCTOR LAFORGE  
--- OH-H!

WHAT'S  
WRONG?

HE'S CLUTCHING  
HIS SIDE!







SEIZING A CHAIR, RUTSKY LETS BART HAVE IT!



NOW TO FINISH YOU!



I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS! - BUT AT 3:00 P.M. YOUR SWEETHEART DIES OF THE "BUTTON DEATH"!

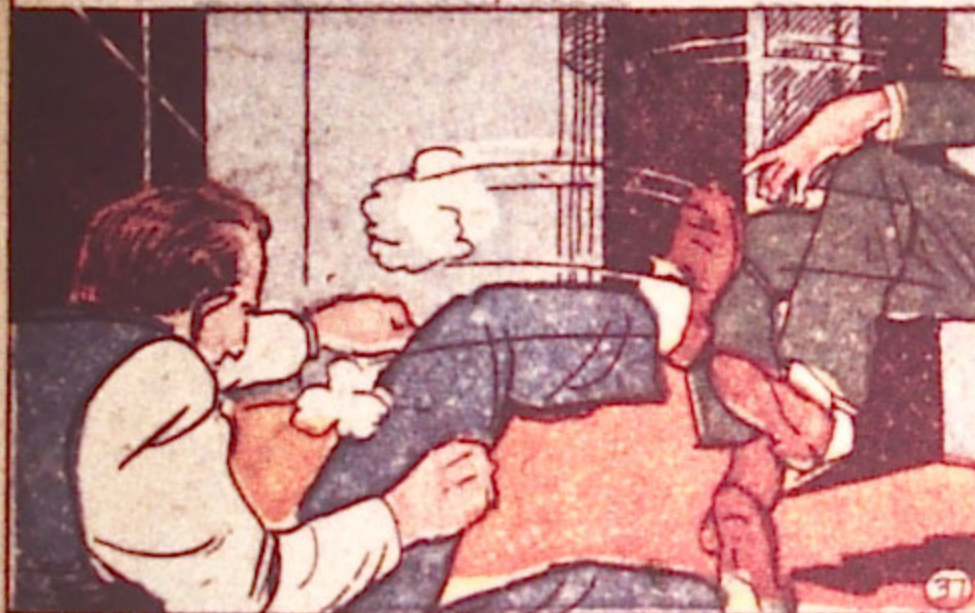


RUTSKY'S WORDS PENETRATE TO BART'S DAZED BRAIN--

SALLY-- IN DANGER--  
I'VE GOT TO WARN HER!



SUMMONING HIS LAST STRENGTH, BART KICKS OFF HIS OPPONENT IN ONE FINAL, DESPERATE EFFORT---



SALLY! - GET OUT OF YOUR DRESS AT ONCE! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS  
--- **UNDRESS!**

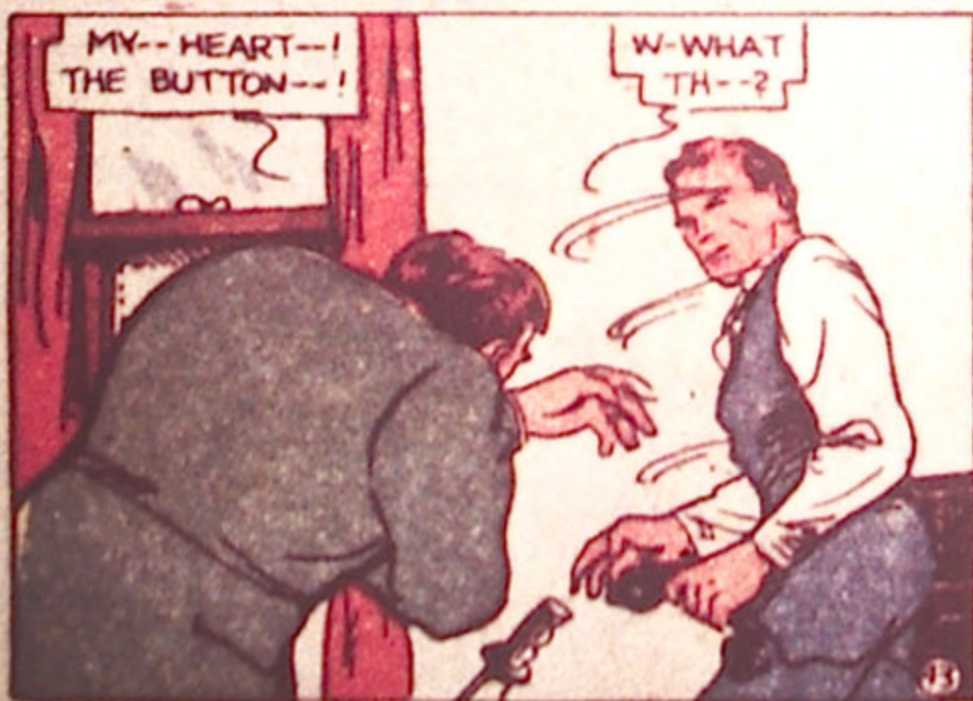
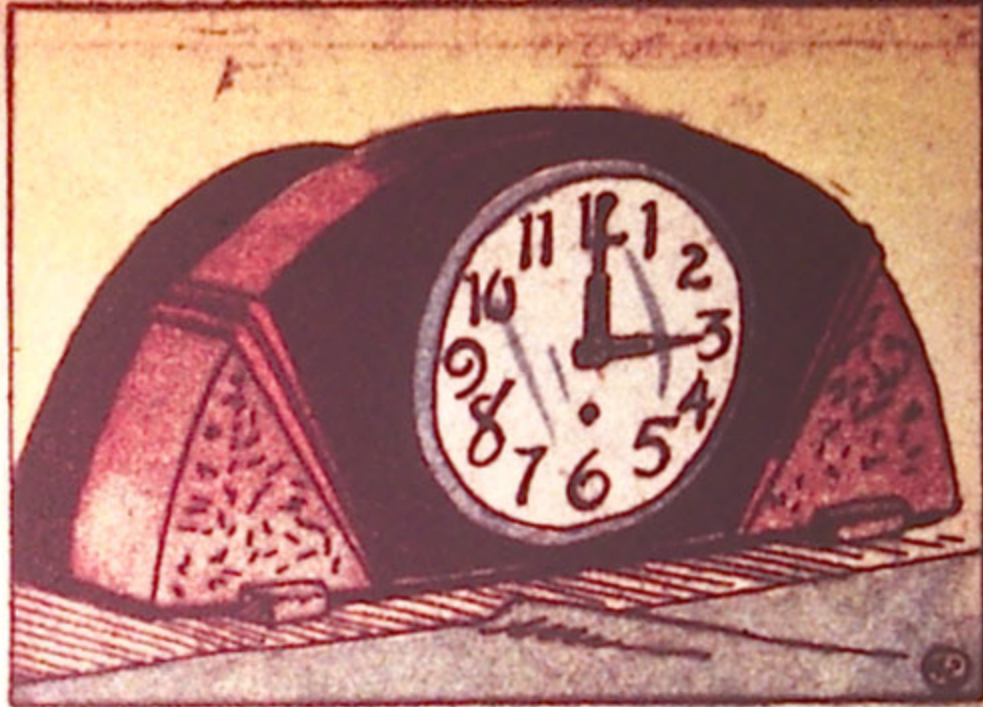


OKAY, OKAY-- I'VE DONE AS YOU'VE SAID. BUT IF YOU ASK ME, DEAR, YOU'VE GONE COMPLETELY BALMY!

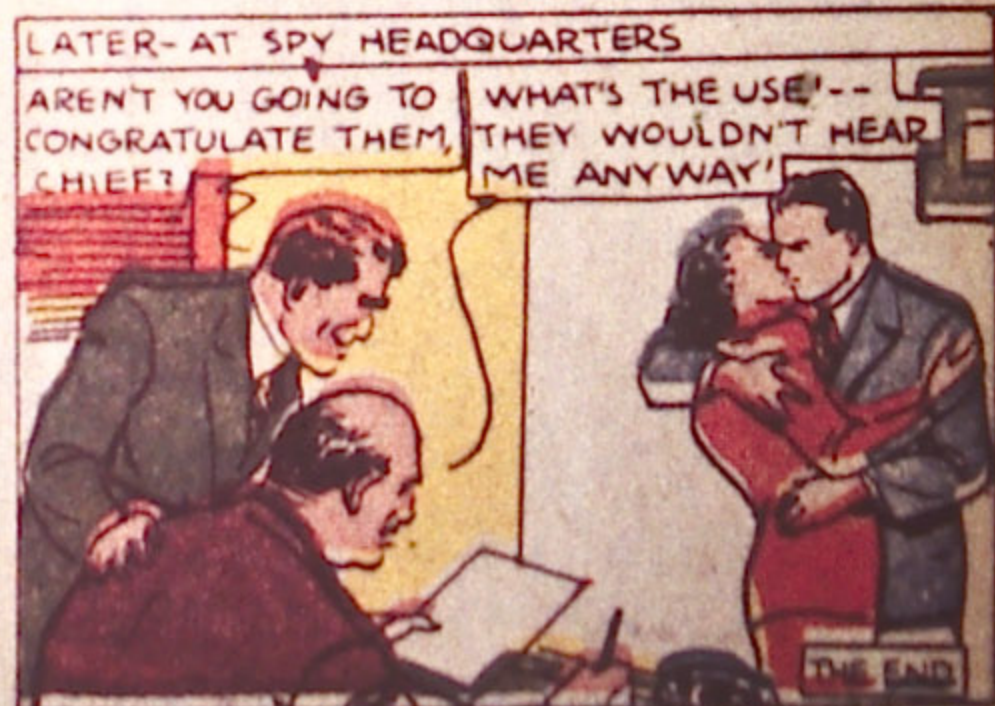
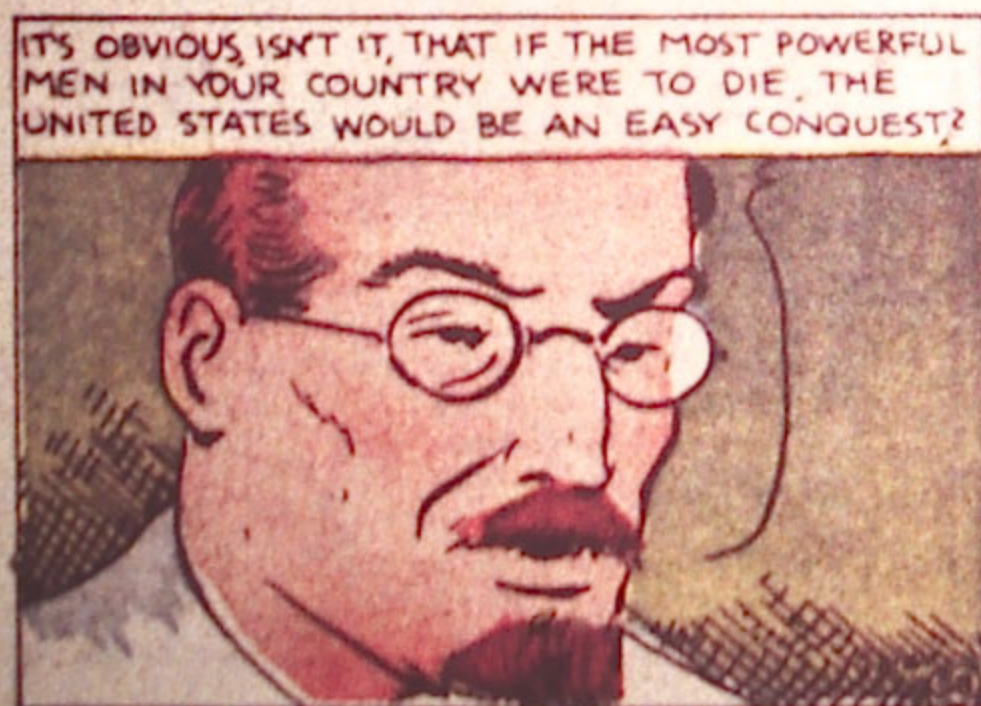
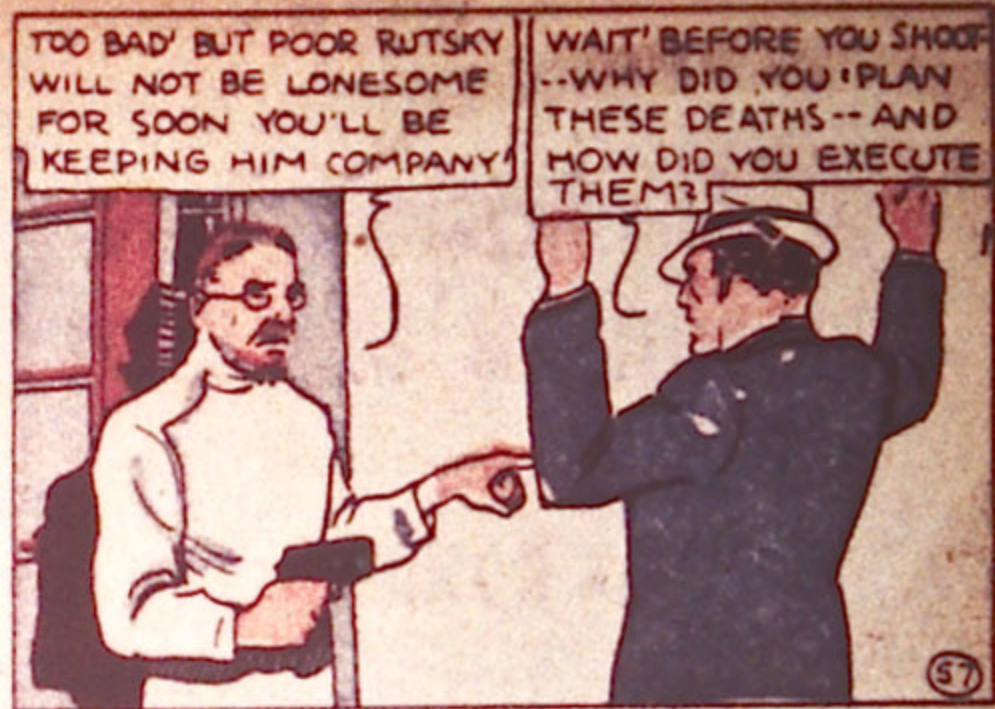
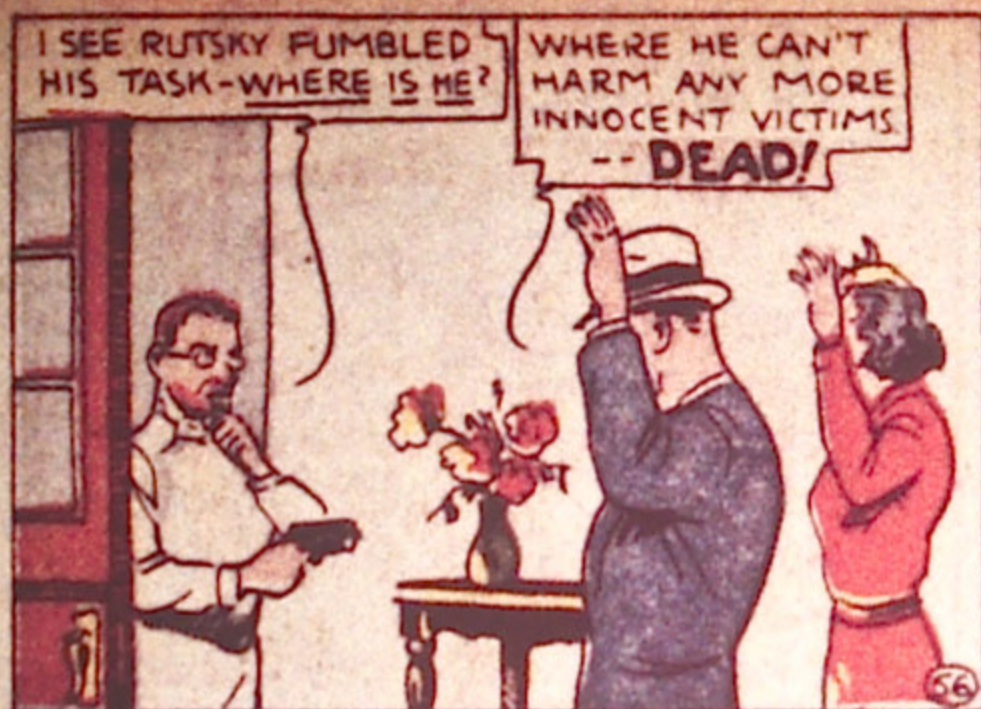


BART DOES NOT SEE THE REVIVED RUTSKY CREEPING TOWARD HIM WITH A KNIFE!



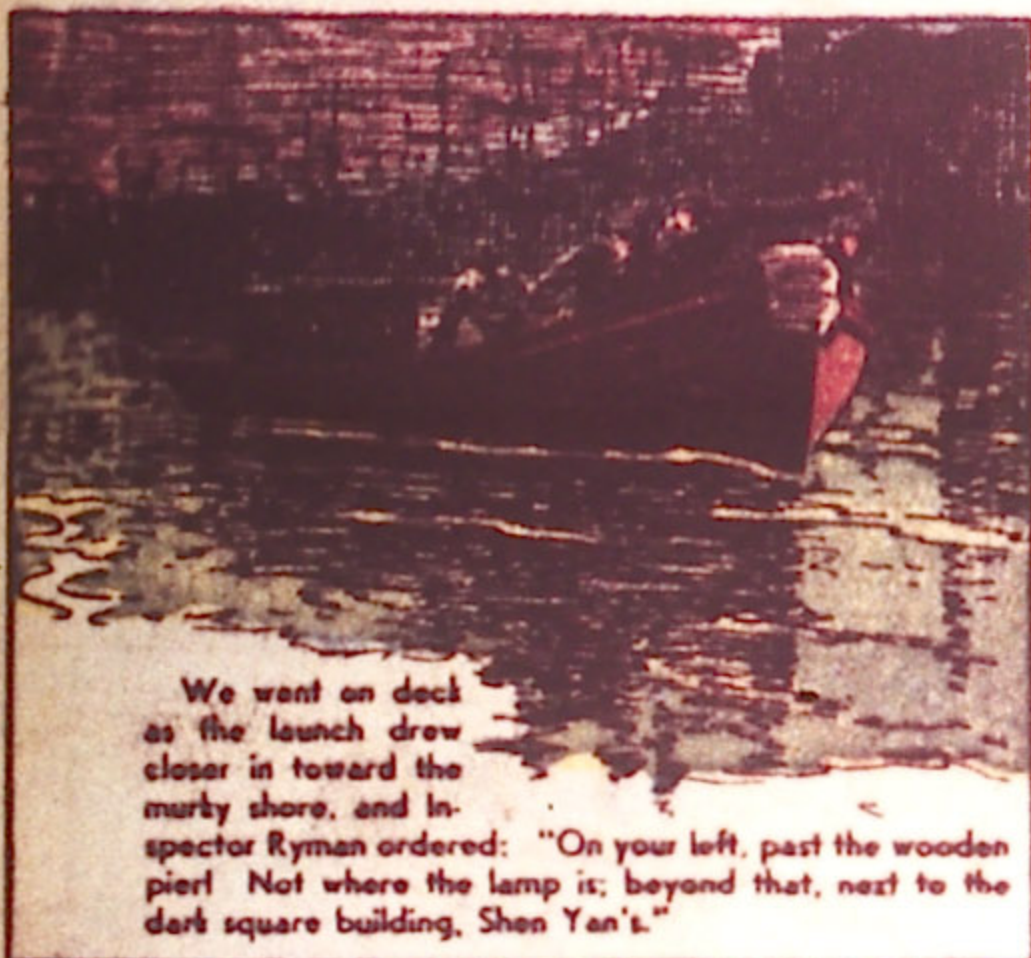






# The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

By  
SAX ROHMER



We went on deck as the launch drew closer in toward the murky shore, and Inspector Ryman ordered: "On your left, past the wooden pier! Not where the lamp is; beyond that, next to the dark square building, Shen Yan's."

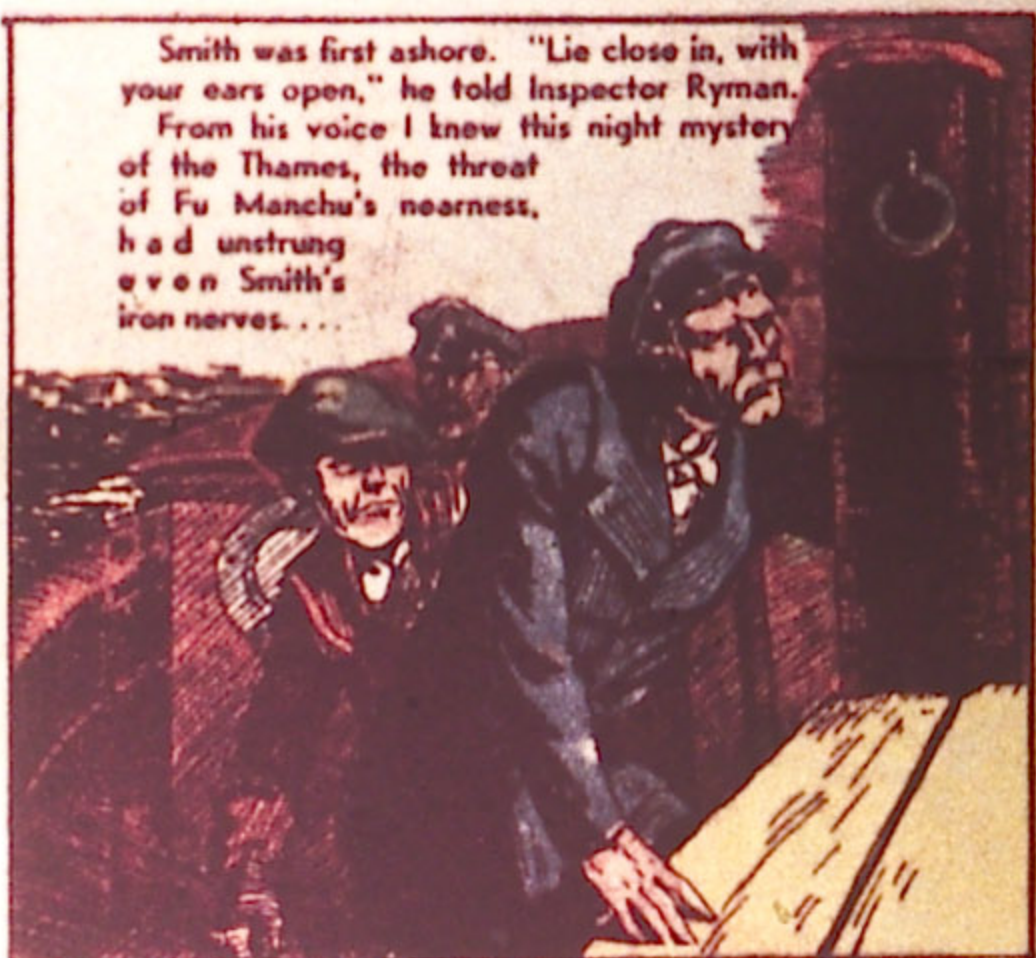


Noyland Smith lurched in humping fashion toward the door of the little shop which we hoped and believed was the entrance to the hiding-place of Fu Manchu. I shuffled along behind him.



"Who is he sir, exactly, this Dr Fu Manchu?" asked Inspector Ryman.

"He is the greatest genius the powers of evil have put on earth for centuries," replied Smith solemnly. "He is backed by an immensely wealthy political group, and he is the advance agent of a Yellow movement of unbelievable proportions."



Smith was first ashore. "Lie close in, with your ears open," he told Inspector Ryman.

From his voice I knew this night mystery of the Thames, the threat of Fu Manchu's nearness, had unstrung even Smith's iron nerves. . . .



Smith licked the door open and clattered down three wooden steps. Suddenly he pulled himself up with a jerk, seizing my arm for support. . . .

We stood in a bare and very dirty room, which could only claim kinship with a civilized barber shop by virtue of the grimy towel thrown across the back of the solitary chair. At the back was a curtain brocaded with filth.



下  
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As Smith and I stood regarding this ominous place with all our senses alert, the grimy curtain parted and the face of a Chinaman peered out at us. . . .

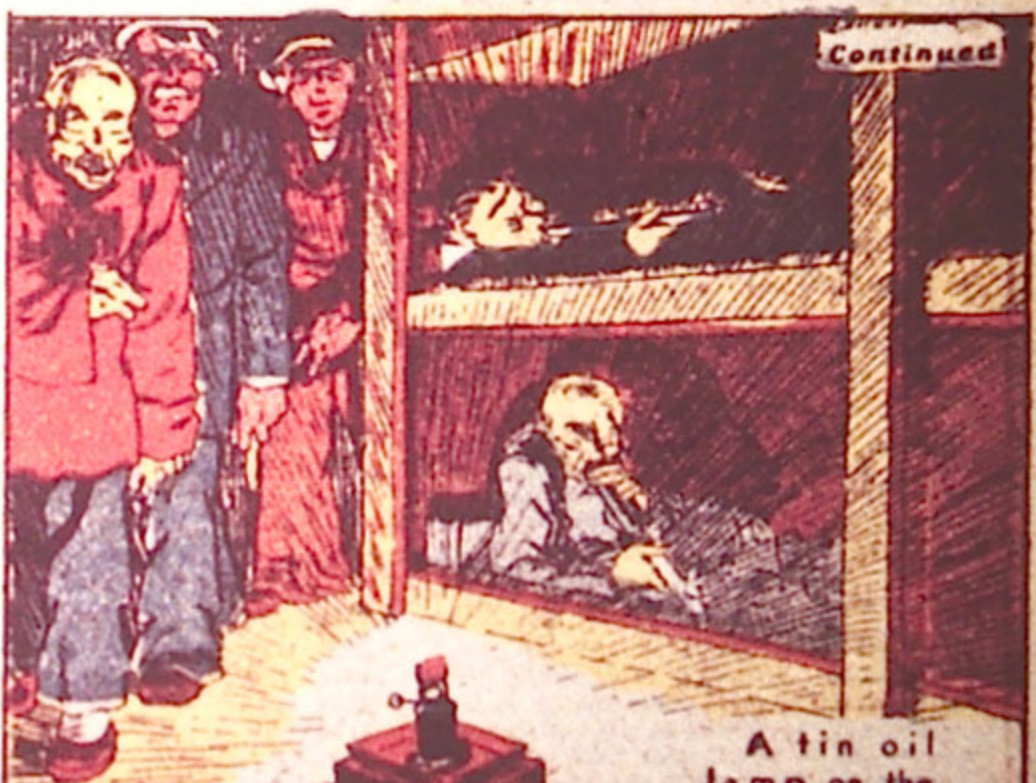
The Chinaman who approached Nayland Smith and me from behind the curtained doorway in Shen Yan's, chattered like a monkey: "No shavee! Too late! Shuttee shop!" We guessed this was Shen Yan.



Smith shook his fist under Shen Yan's chin, and roared: "Get inside an' gimme an' my mate a couple o' pipes. Smokee pipe, you yellow scum! Savvy?"



"Allee lightee," the Chinaman said. "Full up, no room. You come see." He dived behind the curtain, Smith and I following. He ran up a dark stair. The next moment I found myself in a room which reeked with opium fumes



A tin oil lamp on the floor lit the horrible place, about the walls of which were ten or twelve bunks. One or two occupants sucked at their opium pipes, but the rest lay motionless—drugged.

# KOP AND ROBBERS-



"COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION?"



"IF YOU'LL SPLIT-I'LL GIVE YOU THE COMBINATION!"



DIP (AMATEUR CAMERA BUG) "HO! HO! THIS ONE OUGHTA PANK THE WIFE AND KIDS!"



"CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS! WE NOW PRESENT SERGEANT O' TOOLE, OUR GUEST ANNOUNCER!"

STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1909. Of Detective Comics Magazine, published monthly at Baltimore, Md., for October, 1938.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. B. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the Detective Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August, 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1909, embodied in section 587, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 450 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Editor, V. Sullivan, 450 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, same; Business Manager, J. B. Liebowitz, 450 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Detective Comics, Inc., 450 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Harry Dunsenfeld, 110 Riverside Drive, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgagees, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. B. Liebowitz, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1938. (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

# Stamp Collectors' Corner

## WILSON STAMP SALES

The sale of the recently issued Woodrow Wilson stamp rather exceeded the Postoffice Department expectations. It seems that many collectors are willing to spend one dollar for a first day item. A total of \$31,312 was paid for the stamps, of which \$24,618 went for first day philatelic covers.

Wonder how the five dollar Coolidge stamp will make out.

## A GREAT LADY

Although Pierre and Marie Curie together pursued the research that led to radium's discovery, it is Marie Curie who is almost invariably thought of in connection with this great scientific achievement. A few years ago she was portrayed on a Turkish stamp issued as one of a series to commemorate the twelfth congress of the Women's International Alliance. Now husband and wife appear together on a stamp issued by France. The adhesive has a value of 1.75 franc plus 50 centimes, and is printed in lavender. It is a semi-postal issued in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the discovery of radium. The design pictures the famous physicists in their laboratory, and carries descriptive inscriptions. Funds derived from the sale of the stamp will be used for the International Union Against Cancer.

Pierre Curie was born in Paris in 1859. He became a professor of physics at the Sorbonne, where he met Marie Sklodovska. She was a Polish girl, daughter of an impoverished professor. Paris and scientific study were her dream, but the family could afford to educate but one daughter, and that was Marie's older sister. When the sister married, Marie finally reached Paris, where she lived in a state just above starvation. The young Polish student, then twenty-seven years old, met Professor Curie in 1894, and they were married the following year.

Together they labored for science, while Madame Curie kept house and tended her babies, dividing her time between home and laboratory. The discovery of radium was made in 1898, for which the Curies were awarded the Nobel Prize in Science. Many other honors followed, and fortune also could have been theirs had they wished for private gain rather than the welfare of mankind.

Two daughters were born to the devoted couple; in their family and work the Curies were completely happy. Their life together was ended by a traffic accident that took the life of Pierre on April 19, 1906.

The widowed Marie Curie was confronted with a prodigious task. Two young children to rear and the great scientific task to carry on. How she did

it is a wonderful tale. A second time she received the Nobel prize. In 1920 she visited the United States where she was enthusiastically received and presented with a gram of radium worth \$100,000. She received a second gram in 1929 and presented it to the hospitals of Poland.

When Marie Curie died on July 4th, 1934 the world lost the greatest woman scientist it had ever known, but it had gained a knowledge that was to give science and medicine a weapon of enormous power to fight the ills of mankind.

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MORTIMER ELLIS

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an Abdication Stamp of King Edward, and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4c to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

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MIDWOOD STAMP COMPANY  
DEPT. X, MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N.Y.



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

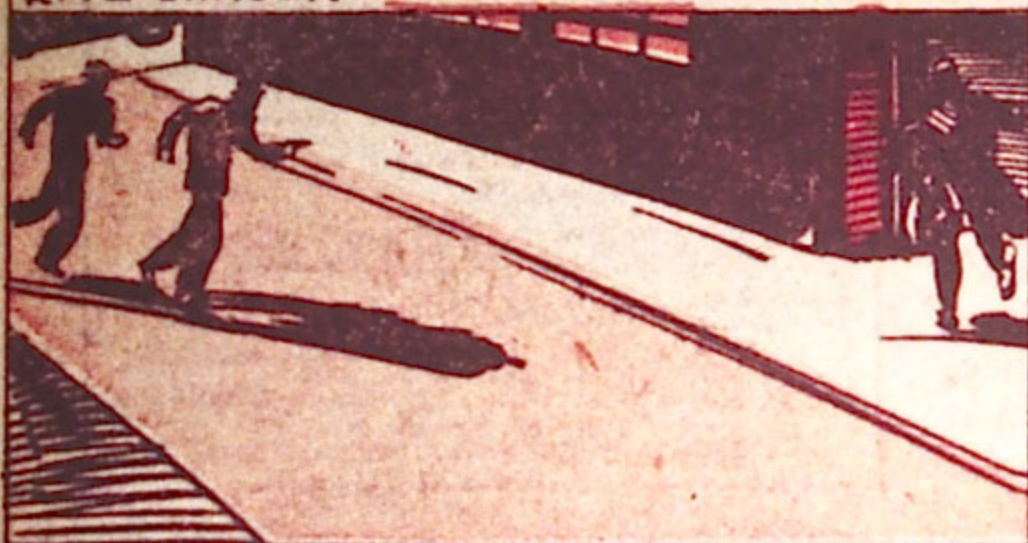
A LONE FIGURE WALKS DOWN A QUIET STREET LATE AT NIGHT.



SUDDENLY A CAR DASHES OUT OF THE DARK AND THREE SHARP REPORTS BARK OUT.



THE FIGURE, UNHURT, DARTS INTO THE FIRST OPEN HALLWAY AS TWO OTHER FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE AUTO AND GIVE CHASE.



A HALF HOUR LATER COSMO IS AROUSED BY THE VIOLENT RINGING OF HIS DOORBELL.



WHY-WHAT'S THE MATTER?

ARE YOU COSMO?



YES, COME IN-WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

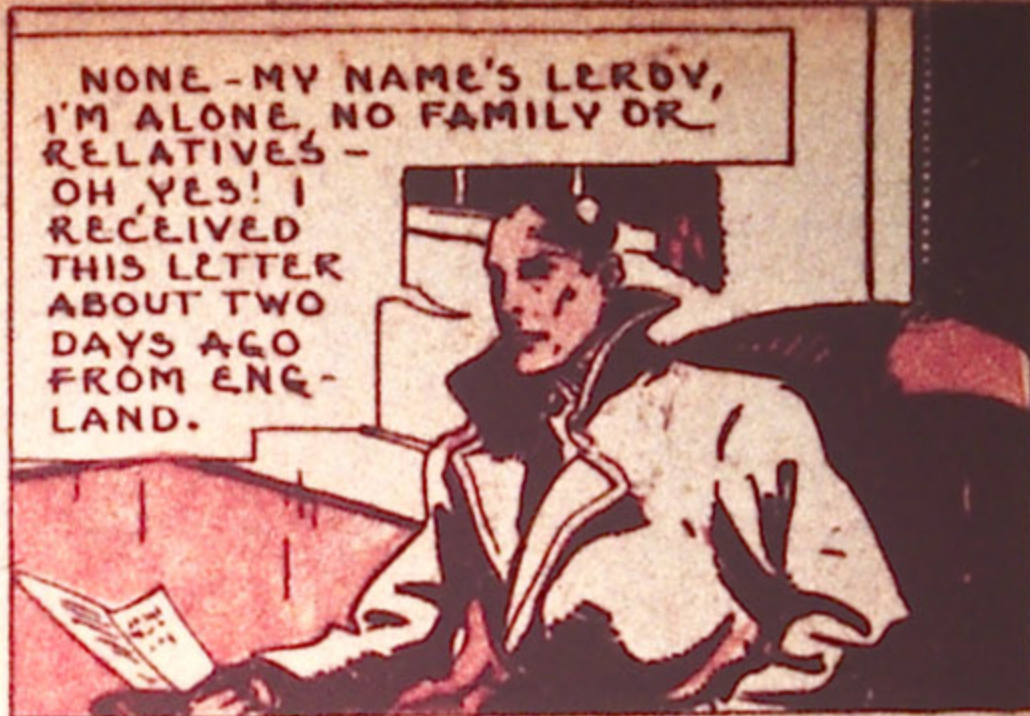
SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO MURDER ME-- I WAS JUST SHOT AT--



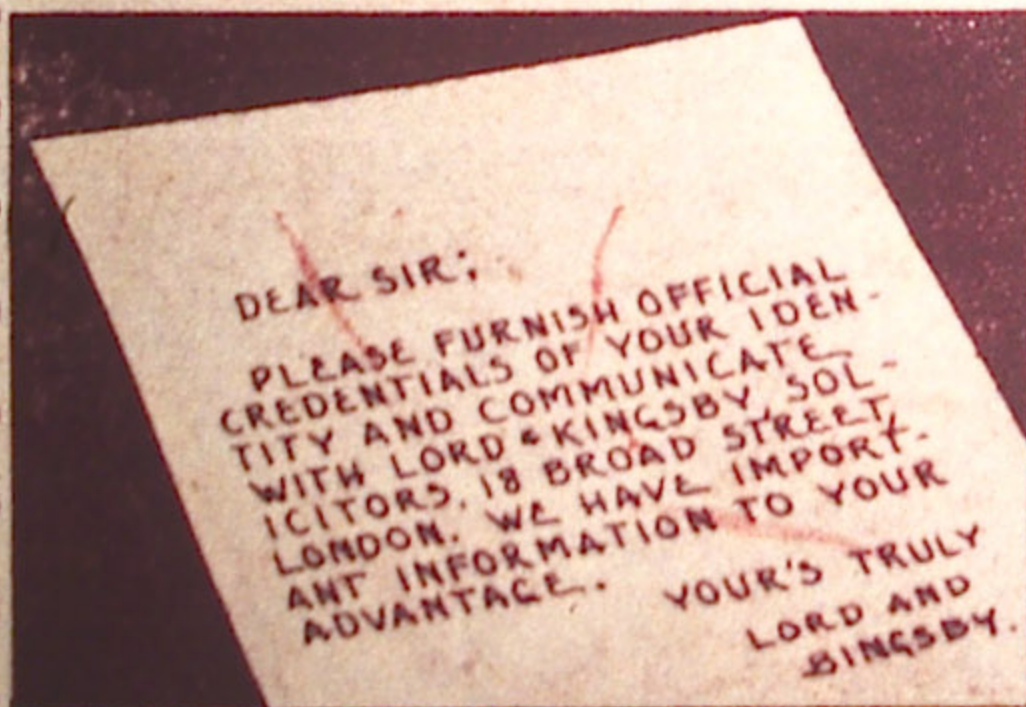
WHY DOES ANYONE WANT TO KILL YOU. THERE MUST BE SOME REASON OR MISTAKEN IDENTITY-- HAVE YOU NO POSSIBLE CLUE TO GO ON?



NONE - MY NAME'S LEROY, I'M ALONE, NO FAMILY OR RELATIVES - OH, YES! I RECEIVED THIS LETTER ABOUT TWO DAYS AGO FROM ENGLAND.



DEAR SIR;  
PLEASE FURNISH OFFICIAL CREDENTIALS OF YOUR IDENTITY AND COMMUNICATE WITH LORD & KINGSBY SOLICITORS, 18 BROAD STREET, LONDON. WE HAVE IMPORTANT INFORMATION TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. YOUR'S TRULY  
LORD AND KINGSBY.



HM! THIS IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING CONNECTED WITH THIS AND THE ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE. STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT AND WE'LL GO INTO IT IN THE MORNING.



NEXT DAY THEY GO TO LEROY'S APARTMENT.



GOOD LORD - THE PLACE'S BEEN RIFLED - ALL MY PAPERS HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

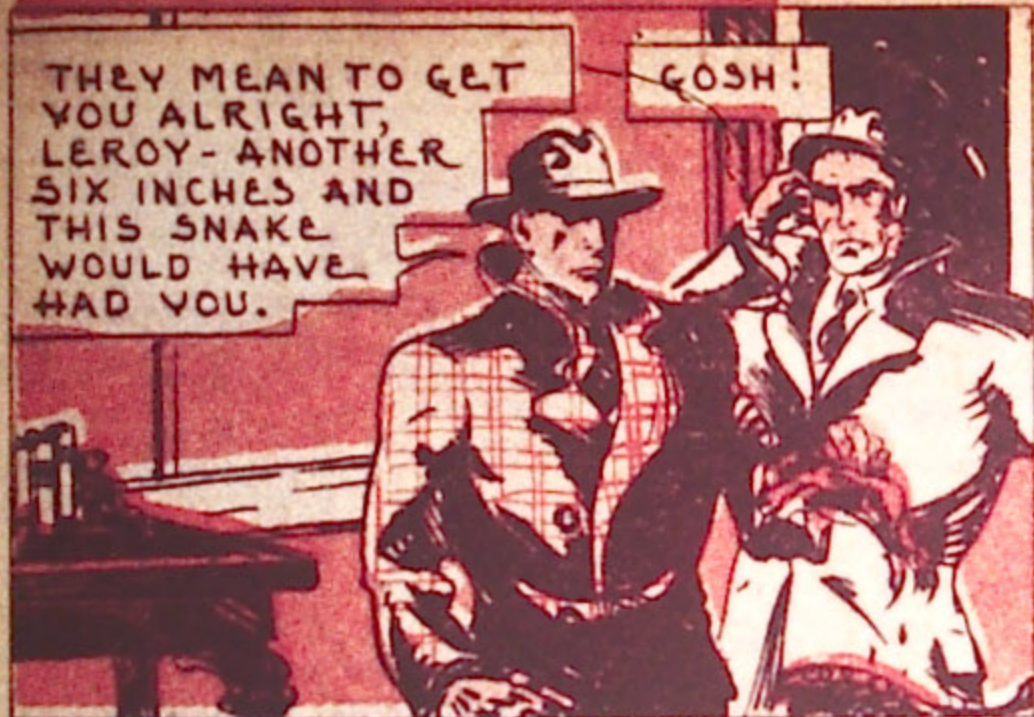


HEY! LOOK OUT! - THAT DRAWER!



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVE COSMO BLOWS THE HEAD OFF A HISSING COBRA.



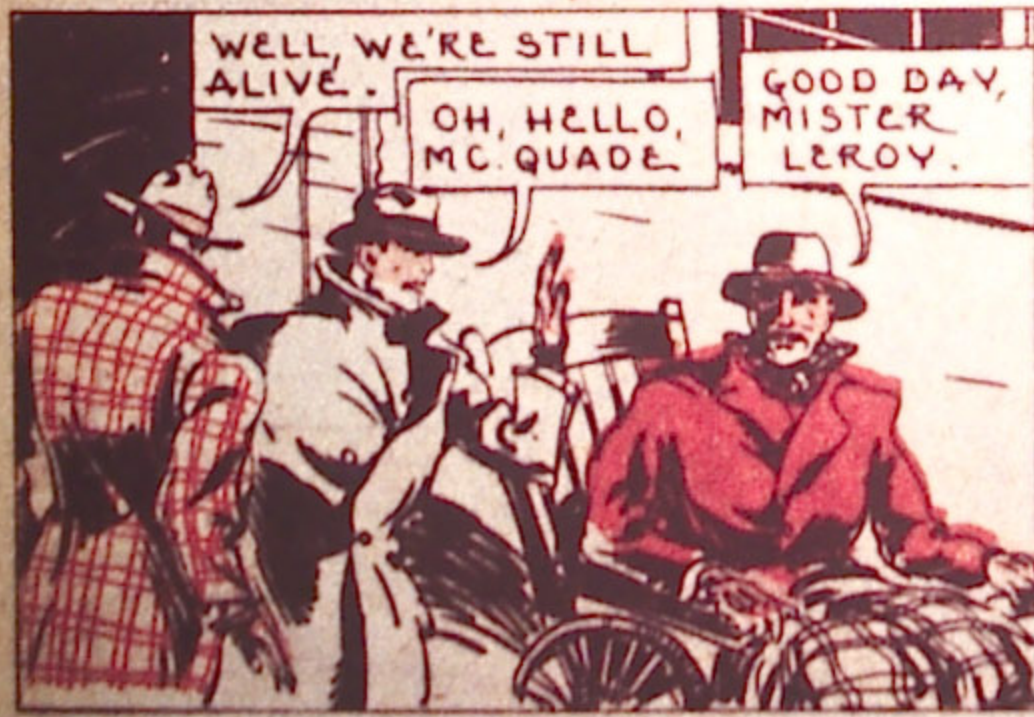


THEY MEAN TO GET YOU ALRIGHT, LEROY- ANOTHER SIX INCHES AND THIS SNAKE WOULD HAVE HAD YOU.

GOSH!



LET'S SNEAK OUT THIS BACK WAY. THEY'VE GOT TOO MUCH ADVANTAGE OF US AS IS.



WELL, WE'RE STILL ALIVE.

OH, HELLO, MC.QUADE.

GOOD DAY, MISTER LEROY.



WHO WAS THAT?

HE'S A NEW TENANT HERE, CAME UP FROM THE SOUTH FOR TREATMENT BOTH LEGS COMPLETELY PARALYZED. HIS DAUGHTER TAKES CARE OF HIM.



NEXT MINUTE A SHOT RINGS OUT-- COSMO HURLS LEROY AND HIMSELF OUT OF RANGE.



COSMO ARE YOU HURT?

NO, THANK MY STARS. THEY ONLY GRAZED MY WRIST.



MISTER MC.QUADE, YOU WERE BEHIND US. DID YOU SEE WHO FIRED AT US?

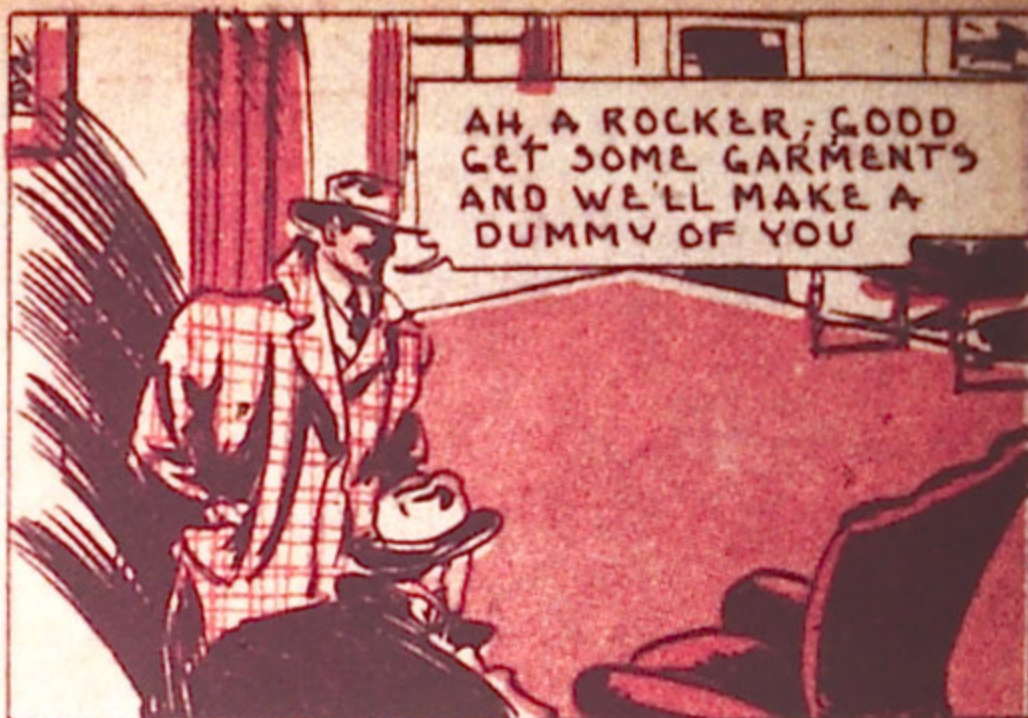
NO, BUT I HEARD A DOOR OR A WINDOW SLAM AT THE SAME TIME AS THE SHOT.



WELL, WE'RE BOTH BEING PEGGED AT NOW.

WE MUST SNEAK BACK TO  
YOUR ROOMS AT DUSK.  
I'VE AN IDEA I'D LIKE TO  
TRY OUT.  
DO YOU  
DARE GO  
BACK?

TRY ME



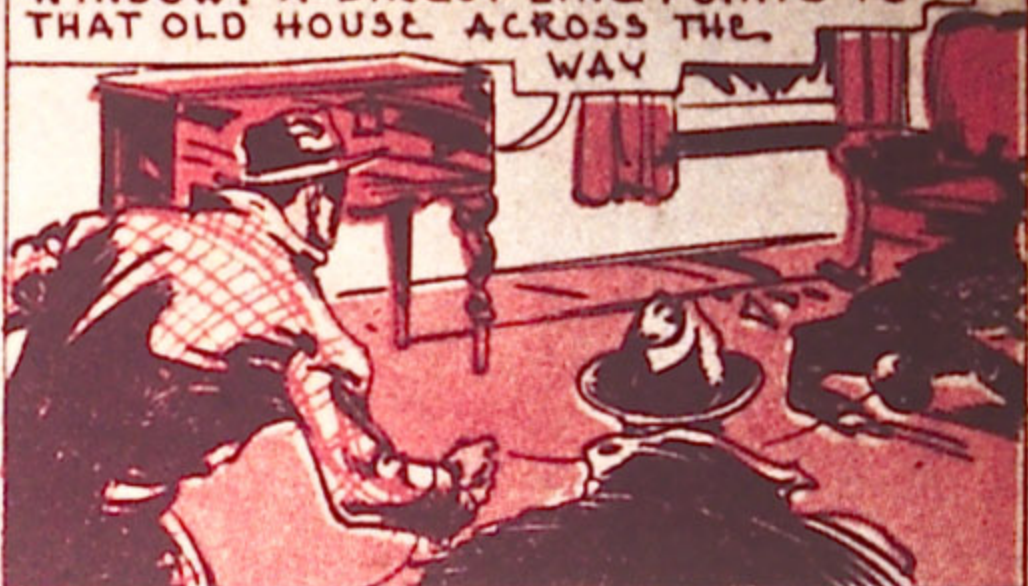
NOW FOR THIS NEWSPAPER  
IN IT'S HANDS. LET'S PUT  
HIM IN FRONT OF THE WIN-  
DOW.

ALRIGHT, TURN ON YOUR RADIO AND  
THE LIGHT AND LET'S SEE WHAT HAP-  
PENS. WE'LL HIDE OUT OF SIGHT AND  
PULL THIS STRING TO ROCK YOUR  
HANDSOME  
SECOND.



A FEW MINUTES ELAPSE-- THEN A CRASH  
OF GLASS AND THE DUMMY TOPPLES TO  
THE FLOOR.

WELL BOY, THINGS ARE HAPPENING--  
SEE THAT HOLE IN THE WALL AND THE  
WINDOW. A DIRECT LINE POINTS TO  
THAT OLD HOUSE ACROSS THE  
WAY



RUN UP TO MY PLACE,  
LEROY, YOU'LL BE SAFER  
THERE --  
YOU'LL HEAR  
FROM ME  
LATER.

ALONE COSMO APPROACHES THE MYS-  
TERIOUS OLD HOUSE.



WELL, HERE'S AN  
UNFASTENED WINDOW-



CAUTIOUSLY HE GROPE HIS WAY THRU  
THE DARK PASSAGEWAYS.

MIGHTY  
QUIET HERE-



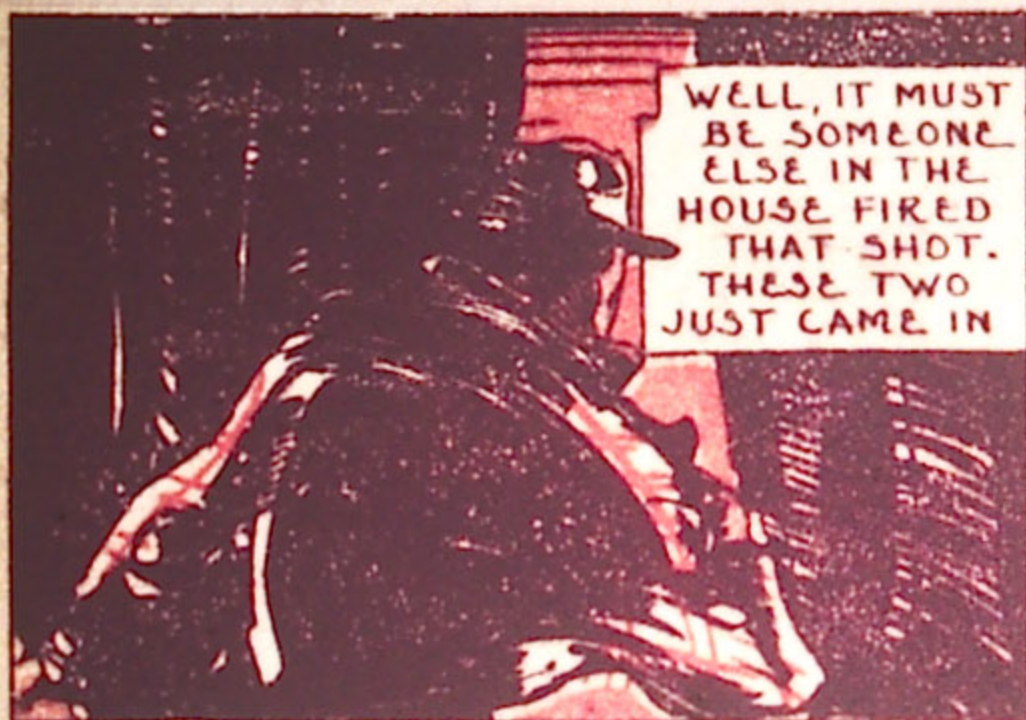
HM, THAT  
SOUNDED LIKE  
A STEP--



SUDDENLY THE STREETDOOR OPENS  
AND TWO PERSONS ENTER. COSMO  
DIVES BEHIND A DRAPE.



WELL, IT MUST  
BE SOMEONE  
ELSE IN THE  
HOUSE FIRED  
THAT SHOT.  
THESE TWO  
JUST CAME IN



MC.QUADE SUDDENLY RISES OUT OF  
THE CHAIR, PERFECTLY SOUND OF LIMB.  
- CHARLES, NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WE  
KILLED LEROY-- NOW TO LONDON WITH  
YOU POSING AS LEROY, I'VE GOT ALL  
HIS CREDEN -  
TIALS



MC.QUADE REACHES TO DRAW ASIDE THE  
DRAPES BEHIND WHICH COSMO IS HID -  
ING.



THEY'RE  
IN THIS  
ROOM

W-WH--WHY?  
WHO ARE YOU?



COSMO CONNECTS WITH A MIGHTY SWING.



INSTANTLY THE SECOND MAN JUMPS ON COSMO.



A TERRIFIC FIGHT ENSUES, BOTH MEN SWINGING FURIOUSLY.



COSMO DUCKS A WILD RIGHT AND COUNTERS WITH A LEFT FROM THE FLOOR AS ---



MC QUADE RECOVERS AND TAKES AIM AT COSMO.



ANOTHER REPORT CRACKS-- THE GUN DROPS FROM MC QUADES SHATTERED FINGERS.



COSMO, I CALLED THE POLICE AS I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BE IN TROUBLE. -



LEROY HAD A FATHER LIVING IN INDIA. MC QUADE KILLED HIM TO GET HIS GOLD-MINE WHICH WAS WILLED TO THE YOUNG MAN. THE OLD MAN HAD THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES TRACE HIS SON BUT MC QUADE FOUND OUT ABOUT IT AND WANTED ME TO POSE AS THE SON SO WE COULD GET THE MINE --



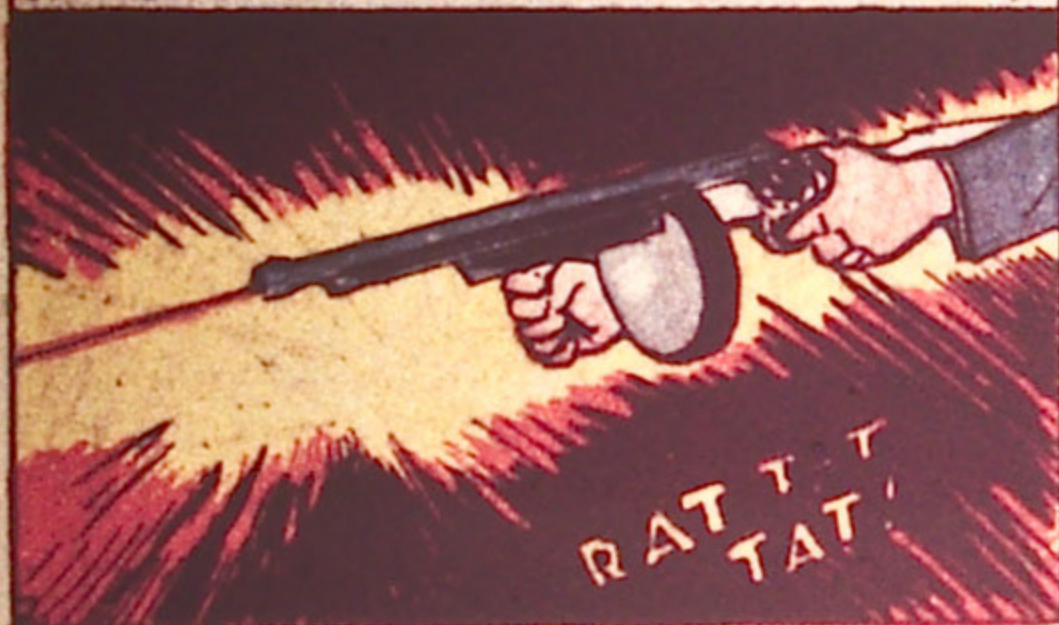
# SLAM BRADLEY

IN THE COURSE OF ONE OF THEIR ROUTINE CASES, SLAM AND SHORTY, FALL INTO A TRAP FROM WHICH THERE APPEARS TO BE NO ESCAPE. BESET BY OVERWHELMING ODDS THEY APPEAR TO BE DOOMED, UNTIL

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER



-- BEHIND THE FIGHTING MEN THERE COMES THE SOUND OF A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.



THROW UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU! -- SLAM, SHORTY, COME HERE!



THANKS FOR THE MACHINE-GUN!



HERE IS MY CARD. -- I SHALL BE EXPECTING YOU TO-NIGHT AT 8:00 P.M. AT WHICH TIME I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

BUT HOW -- WHO -- ?

THAT EVENING... AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THEIR RESCUER'S RESIDENCE.

THOSE CROOKS ARE SAFELY WHERE THEY BELONG BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS PROFESSOR KENTON? HOW COME HE MANAGED TO SHOW UP AT THE NICK OF TIME?



WE'LL SOON KNOW.

M ! SOME MANSION ! THIS  
GUYS GOT DOUGH, AN' PLENTY OF IT !

WHICH COMPLICATES IT ALL  
THE FURTHER ! WHY WOULD  
A GUY LIKE HIM BE INTER-  
ESTED IN MUGS LIKE US ?

BE SEATED. MAKE  
YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.

THANKS.

WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO HELP  
BREAK IN YOUR FURNITURE. WHAT  
WE WANT TO KNOW IS....

SHOOT !

FIRST LET ME ASK YOU, DID YOU  
EVER HEAR OF THE FOURTH  
DIMENSION ?

AH ... ON TIME TO THE SECOND ! I APPRECIATE  
PUNCTUALITY. - STEP IN, WON'T YOU ?

SURE. WHADDAYA THINK WE CAME  
THIS FAR FER --- JUST T' SAY  
GOODBYE ?

DON'T MIND SHORTY,  
PROFESSOR. HE ALWAYS  
TALKS THAT WAY. DON'T  
KNOW ANY BETTER.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW IS  
HOW I HAPPENED TO APPEAR  
ON THE SCENE SO CONVENIENTLY,  
AND KNEW YOUR NAMES. THAT  
MAY TAKE SOME TIME TO EX-  
PLAIN, GENTLEMEN -- SO  
WON'T YOU PLEASE BE SEAT-  
ED WHILE I BEGIN MY EX-  
PLANATION.

FOURTH DIMENSION ? --  
ARE YOU SCREWY ?  
THERE AIN'T NO SUCH  
THING !

AS FAR AS WE KNOW THERE  
ARE ONLY THREE : LENGTH,  
WIDTH AND THICKNESS.

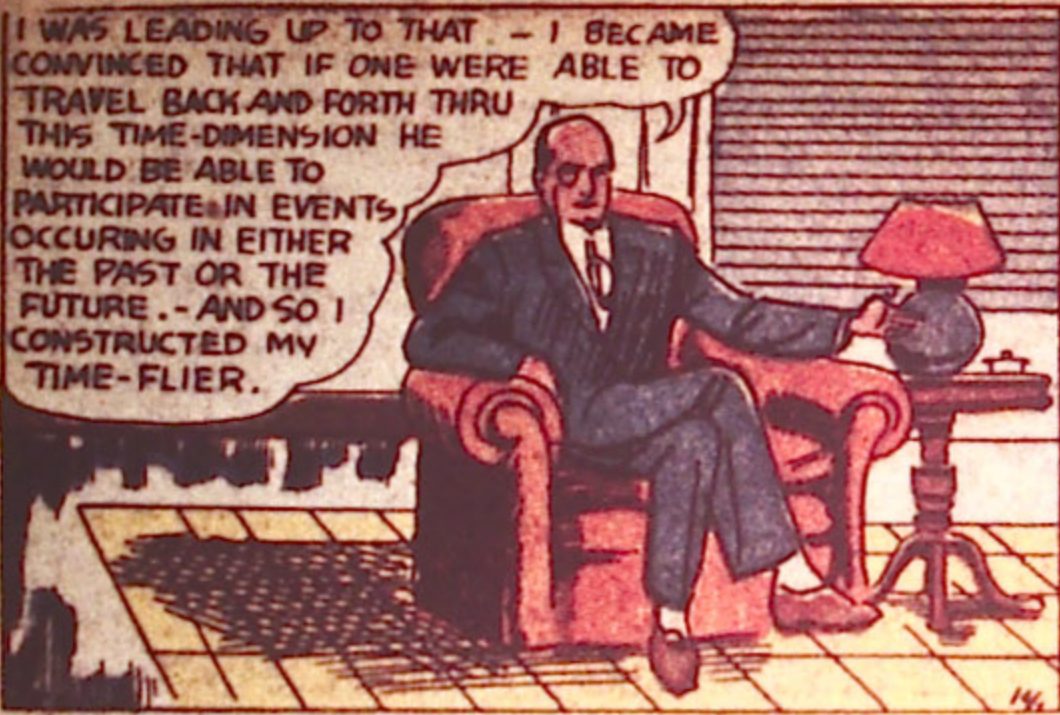
YES.. AS FAR AS YOU  
KNOW...

BUT I HAPPEN TO KNOW.  
BETTER. - IN MY LABOR-  
ATORY I HAVE DISCOVERED  
THAT THERE IS A FOURTH  
DIMENSION -- ONE KNOWN  
AS TIME -- ARE YOU  
ASTONISHED, GENTLEMEN ?  
JUST THINK HOW ASTOUND-  
ING THAT DISCOVERY IS !

ASTOUNDING OR NOT, IT DOESN'T  
INTEREST US. WHAT WE WANT TO  
KNOW IS ....

... HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO  
SHOW UP SO CONVENIENTLY  
WHEN WE NEEDED YOU ?

I WAS LEADING UP TO THAT - I BECAME CONVINCED THAT IF ONE WERE ABLE TO TRAVEL BACK AND FORTH THRU THIS TIME-DIMENSION HE WOULD BE ABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN EVENTS OCCURRING IN EITHER THE PAST OR THE FUTURE - AND SO I CONSTRUCTED MY TIME-FLIER.



TEN MINUTES AGO I MADE A TRIAL FLIGHT INTO THE PAST - HAVING READ NUMEROUS INTERESTING NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS ABOUT BOTH OF YOU, I TRACED YOUR EXPERIENCES SINCE THIS MORNING... AND ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR ATTACKERS!

YOU MEAN, YOU SAW US ONLY TEN MINUTES AGO? BUT IT'S HOURS SINCE WE LAST SAW YOU!

PS-ST HE'S NUTS!



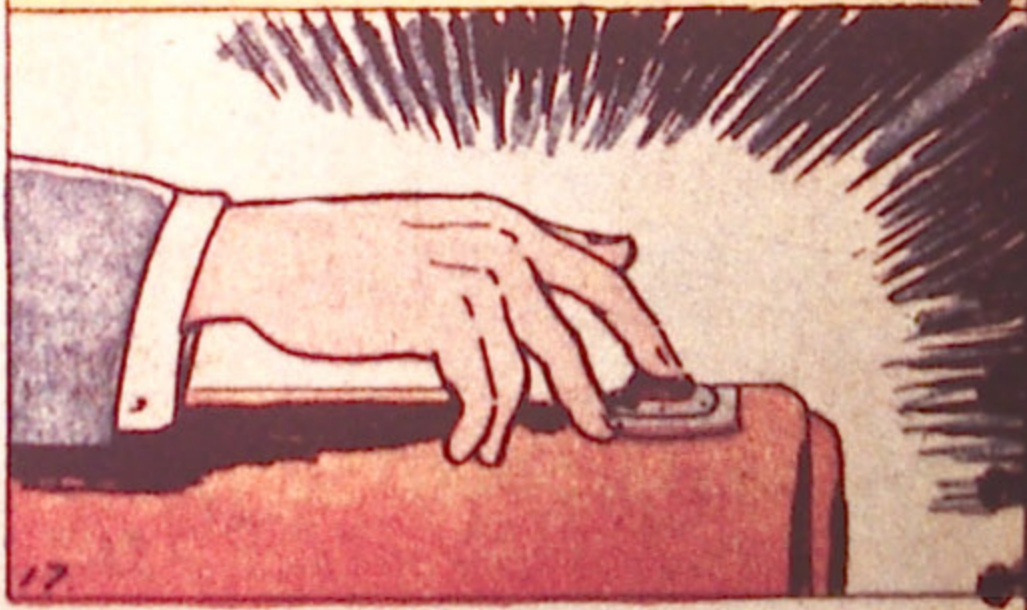
CRAZY, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU!

CALM DOWN. WE KNOW YOU'RE SANE! DON'T WE SHORTY?

DO WE?



PROFESSOR KENTON PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR...



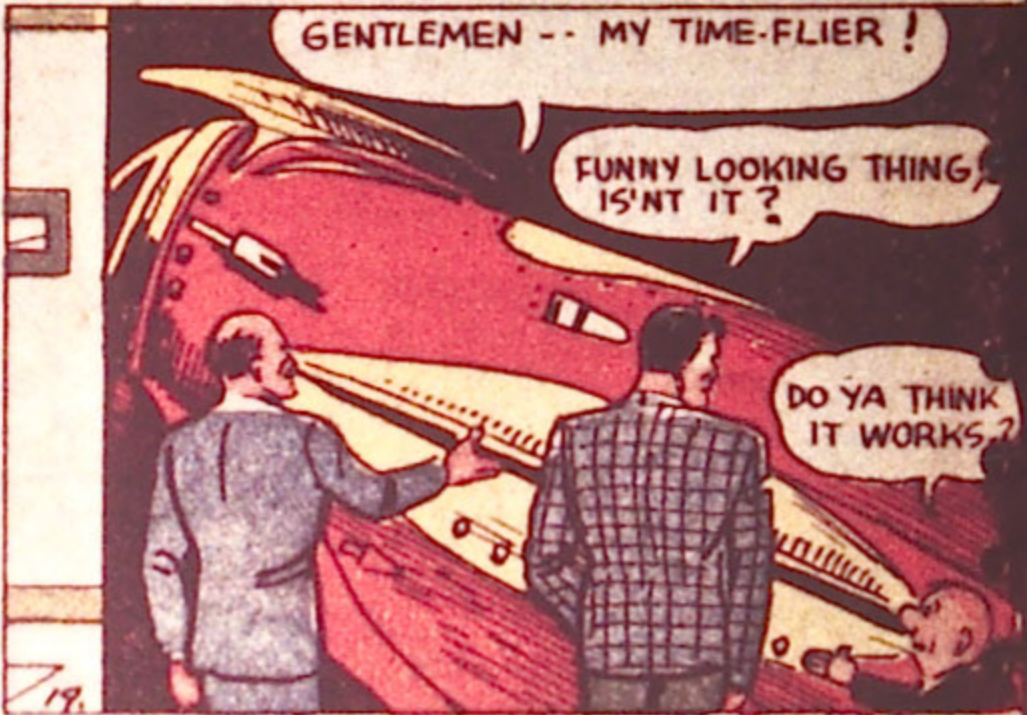
IN RESPONSE, THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE WALL MOVES ASIDE, REVEALING A STRANGE MACHINE...



GENTLEMEN -- MY TIME-FLIER!

FUNNY LOOKING THING, ISN'T IT?

DO YA THINK IT WORKS?



SO YOU WILL DOUBT ME? FOLLOW ME INTO THE MACHINE. I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT I'M CORRECT BEYOND ANY MISTAKING!

WE'RE WILLING TO BE CONVINCED.

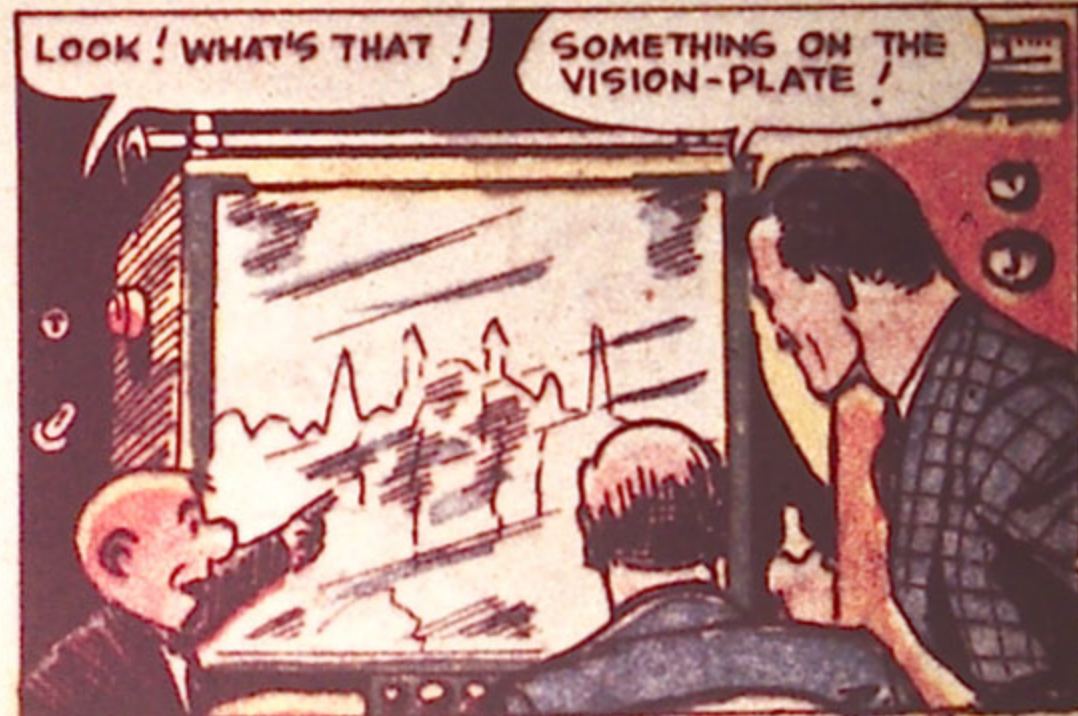
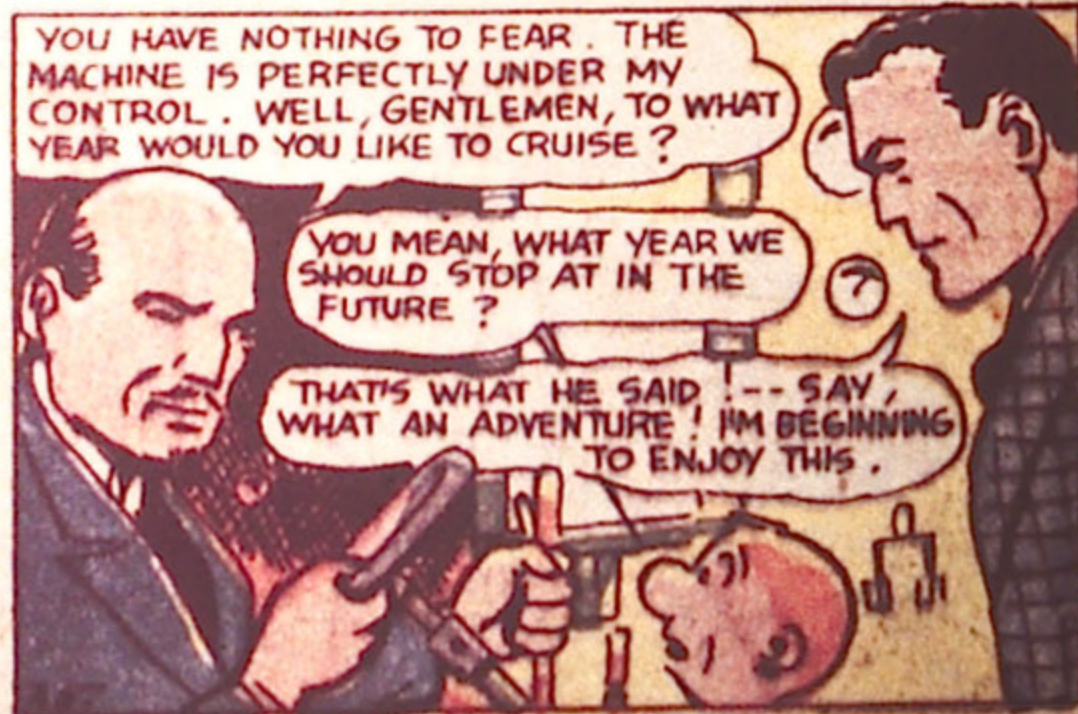
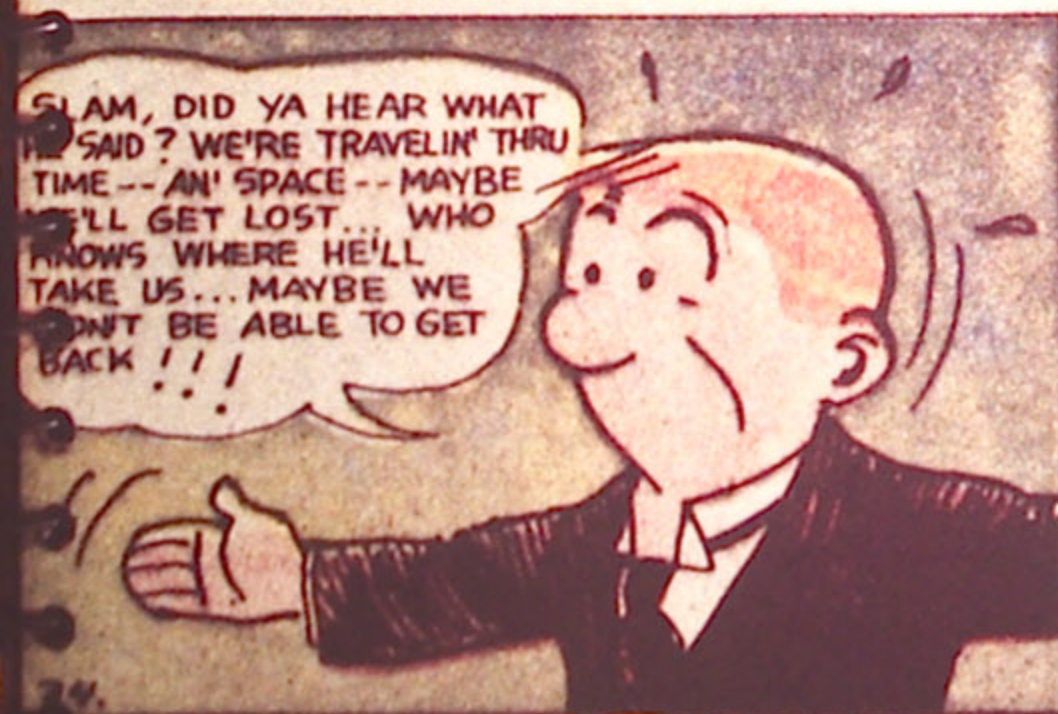
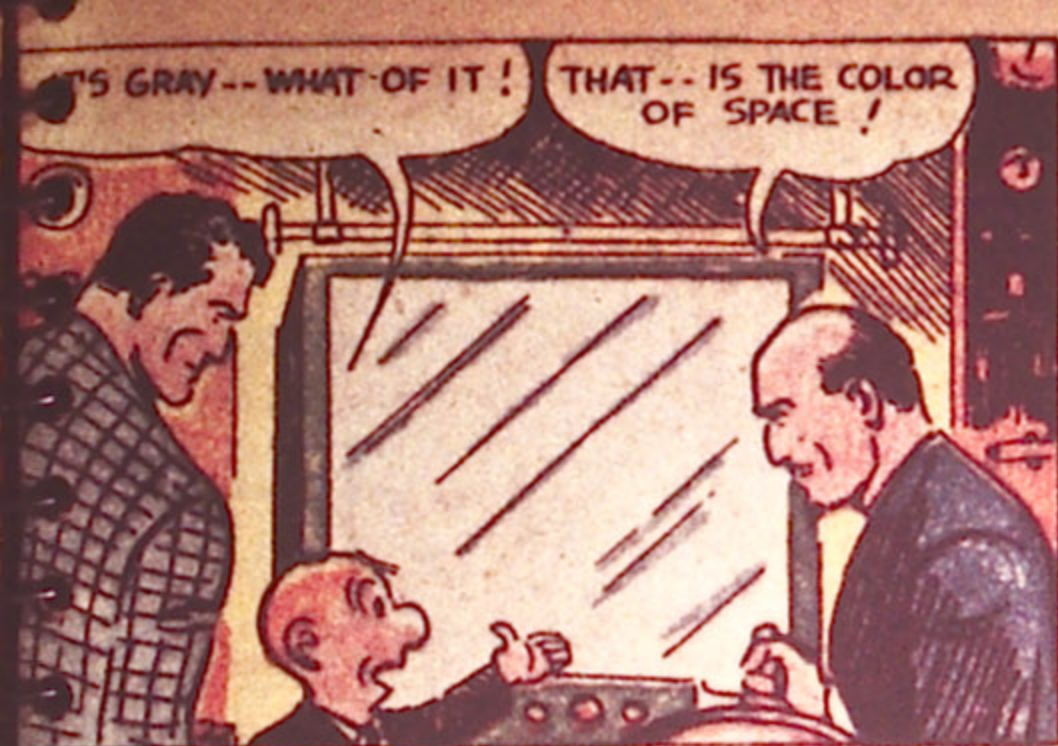
YEAH-WILLING. BUT WILL WE?



VERY INTERESTING. BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT WORKS!

TAKE A LOOK AT THE VISION-SCREEN.





AN INSTANT LATER, ANOTHER SCENE FLICKERS ON THE VISION-SCREEN IT IS OF THAT SAME CITY... DESTROYED



I WONDER WHAT DISASTER HAPPENED TO THAT CITY? WHAT PLAGUE OR WAR DEMOLISHED IT...?

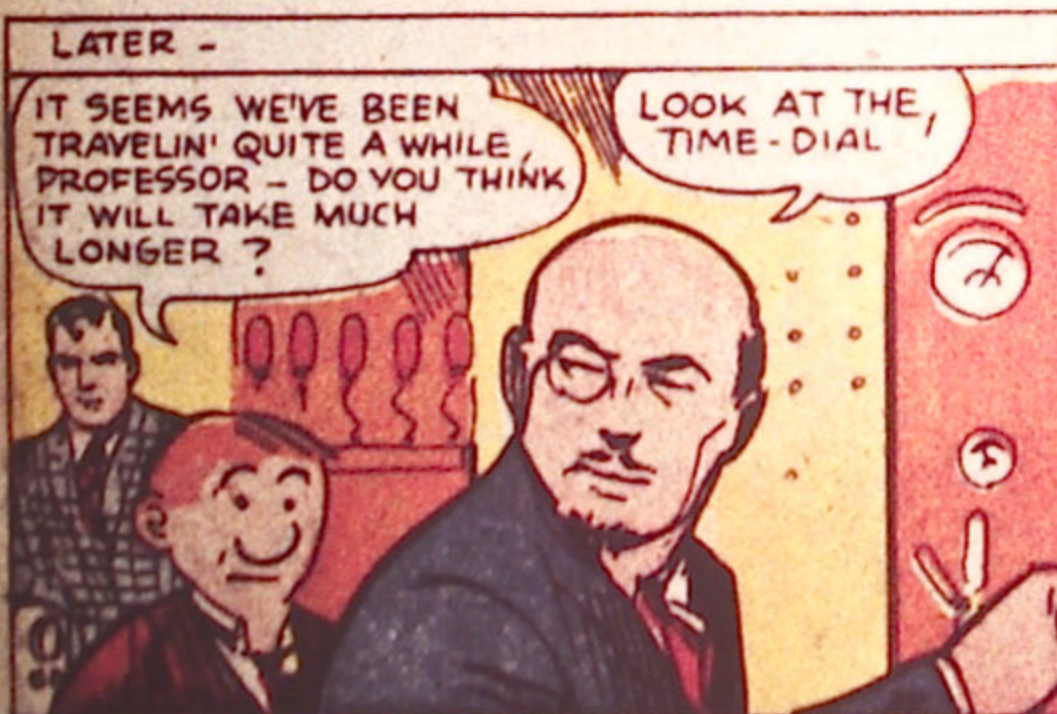
WE COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND INVESTIGATE, BUT WE WON'T. WE'VE MADE TWO BILLION A.D. OUR GOAL, AND WE SHALL NOT DEVIATE FROM OUR COURSE.



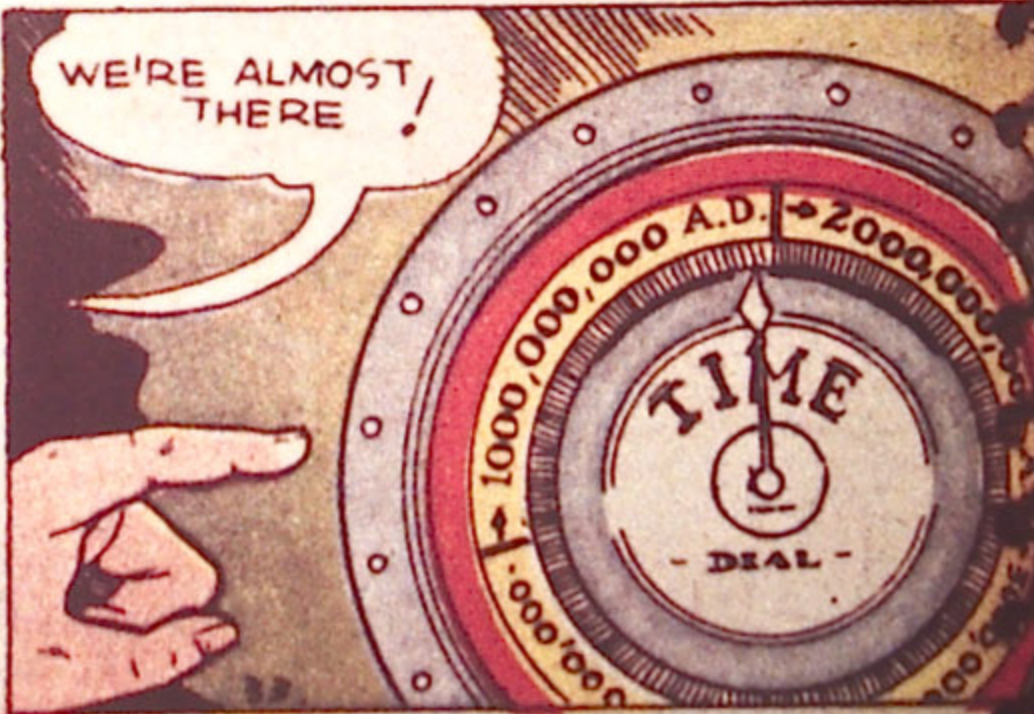
LATER -

IT SEEMS WE'VE BEEN TRAVELIN' QUITE A WHILE, PROFESSOR - DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE MUCH LONGER?

LOOK AT THE TIME-DIAL



WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



WE'RE HERE! WE'VE ARRIVED!



MAYBE

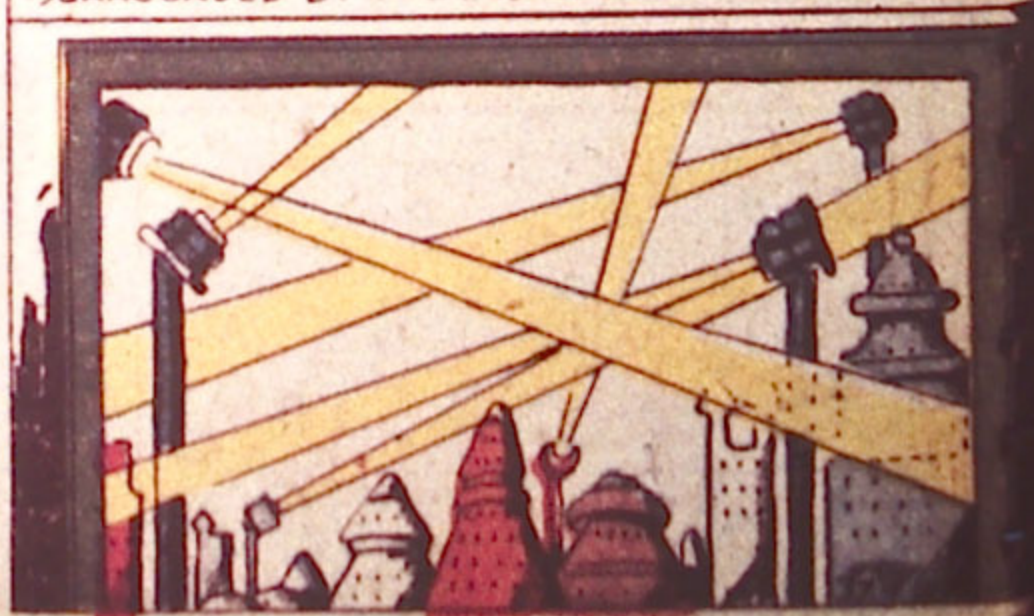
YOU STILL DOUBT ME? LOOK AT THE SCREEN



ON THE SCREEN IS SHOWN A GREAT METAL BALL HANGING HIGH IN THE HEAVENS, SHEDDING A GREEN RADIANCE... NEAR IT, A DARK BODY...



BENEATH THE METALLIC SUN LIES A WEIRD CITY SURROUNDED BY MAMMOTH RAY PROJECTORS



AN ARTIFICIAL SUN TO REPLACE THE BURNED OUT SUN -- A STRANGE CITY SURROUNDED BY MYSTERIOUS RAYS !!

THAT SEEMS TO INDICATE THE WORLD IS STILL POPULATED. - BUT I WONDER WHAT THE PURPOSE OF THOSE RAYS ARE ?

LOOK ! A BIRD IS FLYING DIRECTLY INTO ONE OF THE RAYS !

DEATH RAYS ! - I GET IT ! THEY'RE THERE TO PROTECT THE CITY FROM MARAUDERS !

NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED THAT WE'VE TRAVELED INTO THE FUTURE ?

AND HOW !

HERE -- BETTER ARM YOURSELVES. WE NEVER CAN TELL WHAT WE MIGHT ENCOUNTER

GOOD IDEA !

THE MEN FROM THE PAST ARE COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT THREE LEOPARD-CREATURES CROUCH BEHIND THEM, POISED FOR THE SPRING !

THE INSTANT THE BIRD CONTACTS THE RAY, IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES !



THE TIME-FLIER SWOOPS DOWNWARD AND LANDS WITHIN A CLEARING IN A TANGLED JUNGLE ...



A MOMENT LATER SLAM, KENTON AND SHORTY STEP OUT UPON A WORLD WHICH WOULD NOT EXIST UNTIL THEY THEMSELVES WERE BUT DUST IN THEIR GRAVES

WELL, SLAM ?

I-I GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, PROFESSOR.

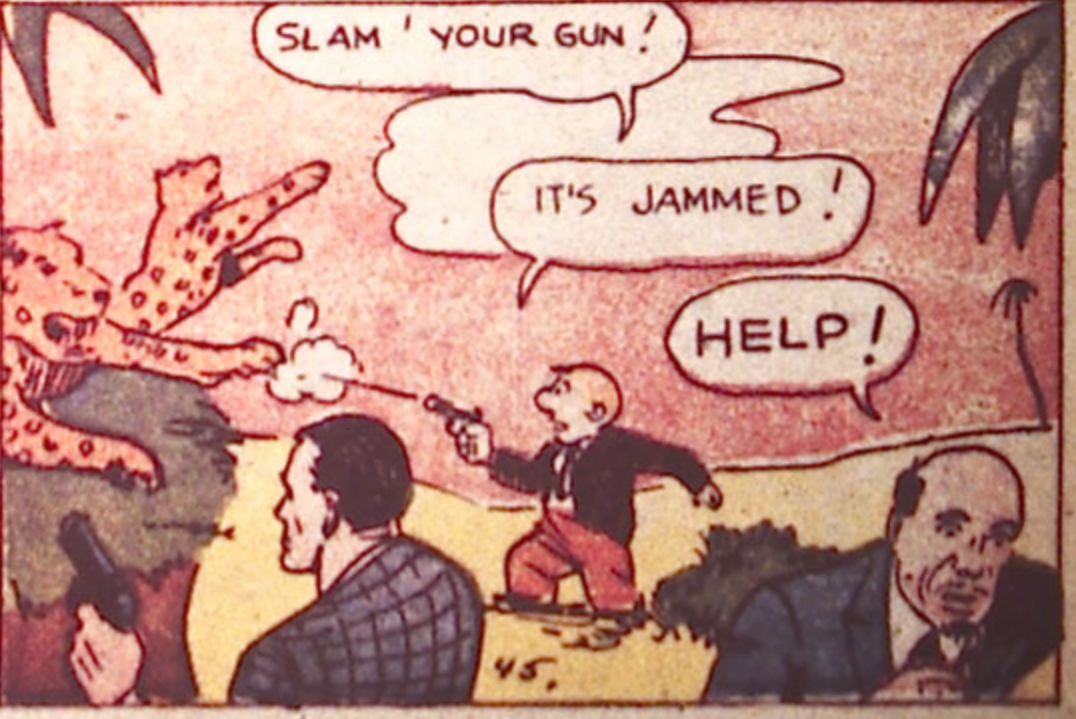
TWO BILLION A.D. ! YIPPEE !



SLAM ! YOUR GUN !

IT'S JAMMED !

HELP !



SLAM IS BORNE TO THE GROUND BY THE GREAT CAT'S WEIGHT! FANGS FLASH BEFORE HIS EYES! - THEN HIS GUN FINALLY FIRES!

WHW! ONE MORE SECOND AND ....!



WHERE'S KENTON.?

DUNNO. HE ---  
LOOKOUT!



UNEXPECTEDLY, A NET DROPS OUT OF THE SKY, IMPRISONING THEM BOTH!

WHAT TH'...!

CAN'T GET LOOSE!



OFF TOWARD THE DISTANT CITY WINGS A GIANT BIRD WITH ITS HELPLESS CAPTIVES ....



MY GOSH! IT'S GONNA FLY INTO TH' RAYS SURROUNDING TH' CITY!

WE'LL BE BURNED TO A CRISP!



ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY FROM THE RAY!! ARE SLAM AND SHORTY TO PERISH IN A BLISTERING DEATH?



SUDDENLY... OFF FLASHES THE RAY... THEN, AFTER THE BIRD-CREATURE ENTERS THE CITY... IT FLASHES ON, AGAIN!!

WHW! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END OF US!

G-G-GULP! SO DID I!



OUR GUNS! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THEM BEFORE! MINE'S EMPTY! HOW'S YOURS?

MINE'S OKAY, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE BULLET LEFT - HERE TAKE IT! AND YOU BETTER SHOOT STRAIGHT!



SLAM TAKES CAREFUL AIM UPWARD ... SHOOTS ...

IT'S EITHER IT OR US !



WITH A HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK, THE BIRD FLUTTERS DOWN TO A HIGH ROOF, NARROWLY CRUSHING ITS CAPTIVES, THEN LIES STILL . . . .



SLAM FURIOUSLY ATTACKS THE NET WITH HIS POCKET-KNIFE . . .

HOW'S IT GOIN' ?

WE'LL BE FREE IN A MOMENT !



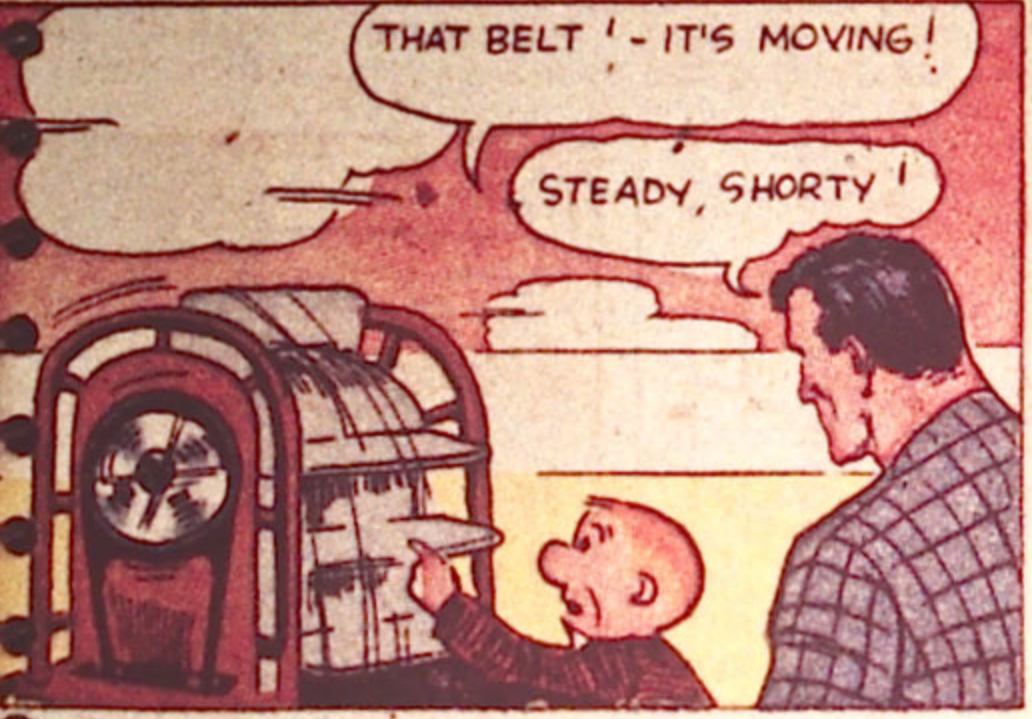
FREE, AT LAST !

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK ! WITHIN A STRANGE CITY SURROUNDED BY DEATH-RAYS ... MILES FROM THE TIME-FLIER ... WE'RE ANYTHING BUT FREE !



THAT BELT ! - IT'S MOVING !

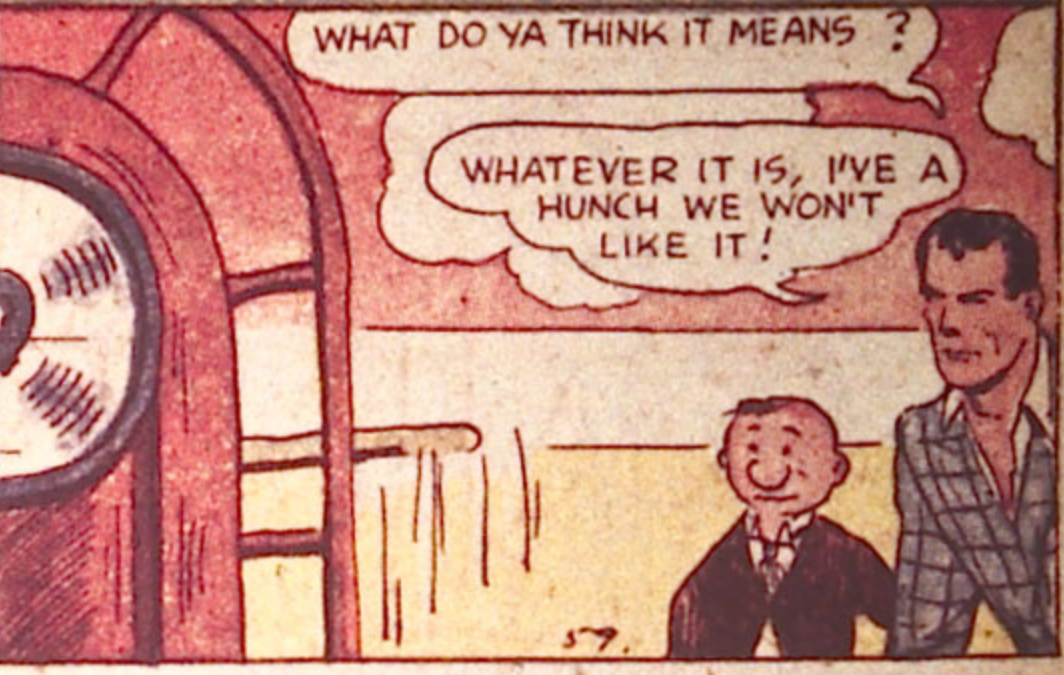
STEADY, SHORTY !



FASTER WHIRLS THE BELT ... AND FASTER STILL ...

WHAT DO YA THINK IT MEANS ?

WHATEVER IT IS, I'VE A HUNCH WE WON'T LIKE IT !



UP FROM THE BELT, AND ONTO THE ROOF, STREAKS -- A BIRD-MAN . . .



IN ANOTHER MOMENT TWO MORE FIGURES -- A PLANT MAN AND A HUMAN BEING -- FLASH ONTO THE ROOF AND CONFRONT SLAM AND SHORTY. -

WH-WH-WHAT S-S-HALL WE D-D-DO ?

DON'T MOVE ... YET !



THE THREE MONSTERS DON BLACK HOODS AND RAISE THIN TUBES TO THEIR LIPS...



INSTANTLY A SHRILL, JARRING NOTE BLARES OUT FROM THE TUBES, SHOCKING THE SENSES...



AS THE SOUND OF THE TEARING NOTES ROAR OUT, SLAM AND SHORTY STIFFEN AS THO TURNED TO STONE! THE TERRIBLE WEAPON OF SOUND HAS ROBBED THEM OF ALL MOVEMENT!



SEIZING THE PARALYZED SLAM AND SHORTY, THE MONSTER-MEN CARRY THEM TOWARD THE BELT.



NEXT INSTANT THEY LEAP UPON THE MOVING BELT AND DISAPPEAR BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE ROOF WITH THEIR BURDEN.



DOWN SHOOTS THE BELT WITH FRIGHTENING SPEED. SUDDENLY IT STOPS, AND THE PARTY ALIGHTS UPON A PLATFORM. THE THREE BEINGS HURRY FURTHER ALONG A TWISTING CORRIDOR WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.



SHORTLY, THEY SLIDE DOWN CURVING SIDES INTO THE CENTER OF A CIRCULAR, BARELY FURNISHED METALLIC ROOM.



KNEELING, THE PLANT-MAN FASTENS WATCH-LIKE INSTRUMENTS TO THE WRISTS OF SLAM AND SHORTY, THEN...



THOUGH THE LIPS OF THE PLANT-MAN HAD VOICED AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WORD, THE WRIST-THOUGHT TRANSLATORS CAUSE SLAM AND SHORTY TO HEAR IT IN ENGLISH ...

"HELLO, YOURSELF! WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF ..."

"UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU PERMITTED US TO DO THE QUESTIONING."



"FROM THE PAST! YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT AN OPPORTUNE ..."

"WE WERE TO BE EXECUTED TOMORROW! BUT NOW WE CAN ESCAPE!"



"EXECUTED? - WHAT FOR?"

"WHO ARE YOU? UNLESS OUR COMMUNITY HAS BEEN DUPED BY HISTORIANS, WE ARE THE SOLE REMAINING INTELLIGENT BEINGS UPON THE PLANET."

"REMARKABLE! THRU OUR VISION-SET WE GLIMPSED YOUR STRANGE VEHICLE AND SET OUT A WINGED MESSENGER TO BRING YOU HERE."

"WE ARE MEN FROM THE PAST ... PENETRATED IN TO THE FUTURE IN A TIME-CAR"



"A TAUT SILENCE ... THE THREE MONSTROSITIES GAZE GUILTYLY AT EACH OTHER ... THEN THE BIRD-MAN SPEAKS ..."

"WE WERE SO INDISCREET AS TO GAMBLE ON THE YESTERDAY. THE PENALTY OF COURSE, IS DEATH. FOR TO GAMBLE ON THAT HOLIEST OF HOLY DAYS IS BLASPHEMY, A SACRILEGE!"



73.

"IT IS A SACRILEGE!"



"AND YESTERDAY -- WHAT DOES IT REPRESENT?"

"IT IS THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE REMOVAL OF THE PRINCE'S TONSILS!"



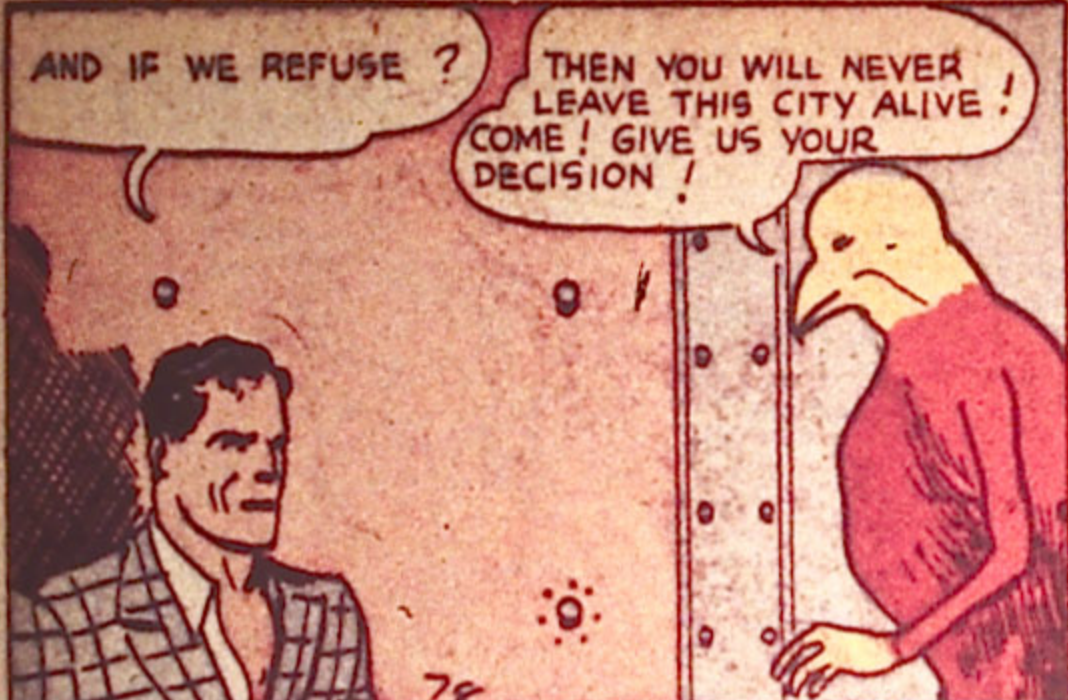
"SLAM! THESE FELLOWS GOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR, AFTER ALL!"

"SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! THEY'RE SERIOUS!"



"WE OFFER YOU A PROPOSITION. - BOTH YOU AND OURSELVES WISH TO ESCAPE FROM HERE. SUPPOSE WE COMBINE FORCES. WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS CITY, IF YOU'LL TRANSFER US TO ANOTHER TIME-ERA. IS IT A BARGAIN?"





AND IF WE REFUSE ?

THEN YOU WILL NEVER  
LEAVE THIS CITY ALIVE !  
COME ! GIVE US YOUR  
DECISION !



BUT AT THAT INSTANT THERE COMES AN UNEXPECTED  
INTERRUPTION . . .

SURRENDER, TRAITORS !

A POLICE-GUARD !

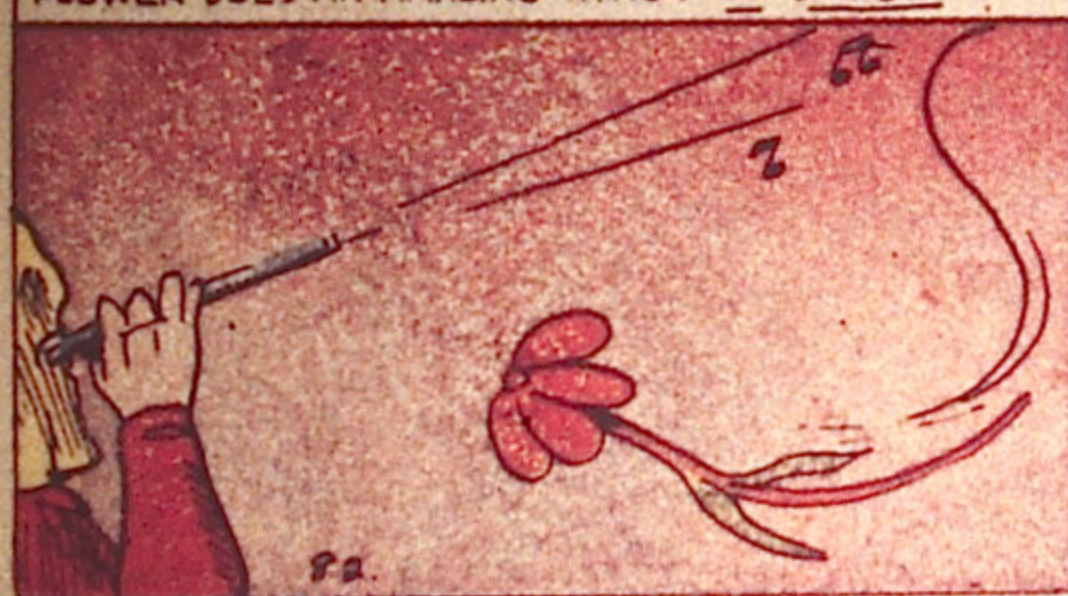
THE PLANT-MAN'S HAND SWIFTLY DARTS TO A HOLSTER  
AT HIS SIDE, WITHDRAWS A SNAKY, WAVING FLOWER . .



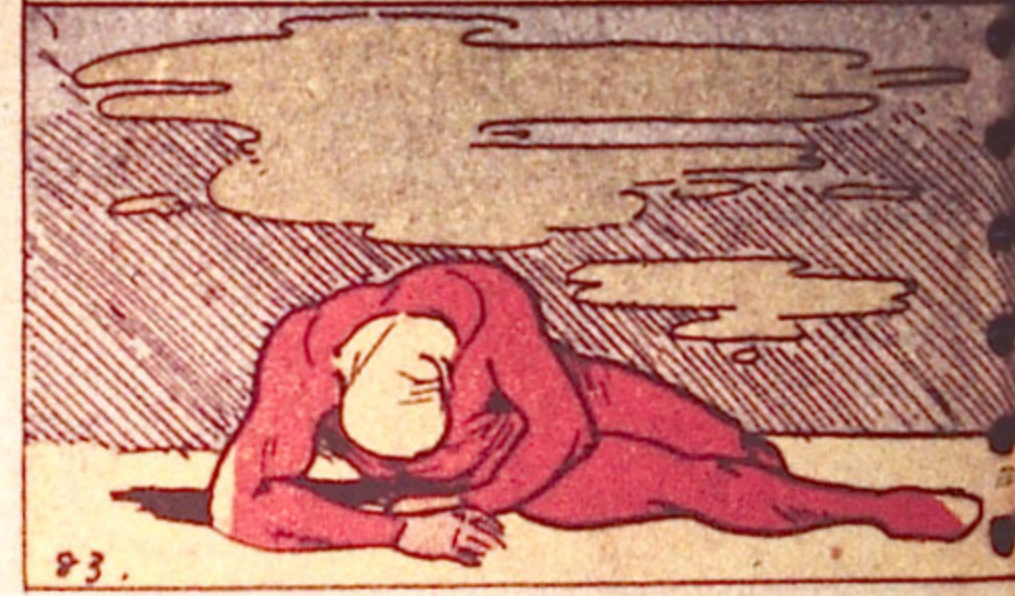
HE FLINGS IT TOWARD THE POLICE-GUARD WITH ALL  
STRENGTH . . .



DOWN TOWARD THE POLICE-GUARD SWOOPS THE FLOW-  
ER. BUT AS THE OFFICER AIMS HIS TUBE AT IT, THE  
FLOWER DOES AN AMAZING THING. IT DODGES !



NEXT INSTANT A DARK CLOUD OF VAPOR LEAVES THE  
FLOWER, DESCENDING UPON THE FRANTIC POLICE-GUARD  
... THE OFFICER COLLAPSES, A VICTIM OF POISON-GAS



QUICKLY THE PLANT-MAN PIERCES SLAM AND SHORTY  
WITH A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. VITALITY, MOVEMENT,  
SEEPS BACK INTO THEM !



LOOK, SLAM - I CAN  
MOVE !

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT  
WE'RE GOING TO DO !  
MOVE OUT OF HERE  
JUST AS FAST AS  
OUR FEET CAN  
CARRY US !

INTO THE TWISTING CORRIDOR, RUSH THE TWO PAIR  
OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO SEPARATE. A LARGE BODY  
CAN BE EASILY DETECTED, FAREWELL !



WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW ? IT LOOKS  
LIKE WE'RE LEFT IN THE LURCH !

FOLLOW THEM ! THEY'RE  
UNDOUBTEDLY HEADED TO-  
WARD SAFETY. - THEREFORE  
WE GO IN THE SAME  
DIRECTION !

SLAM AND SHORTY RACE AFTER THE DESERTING MON-  
STERS ...



GLANCING BACKWARD, THE PLANT-MAN WARNS THEM  
FURIOUSLY ...



SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE  
NOT WANTED

THEY BROUGHT US  
HERE IN THE FIRST  
PLACE AND SO WE  
STICK WITH THEM!

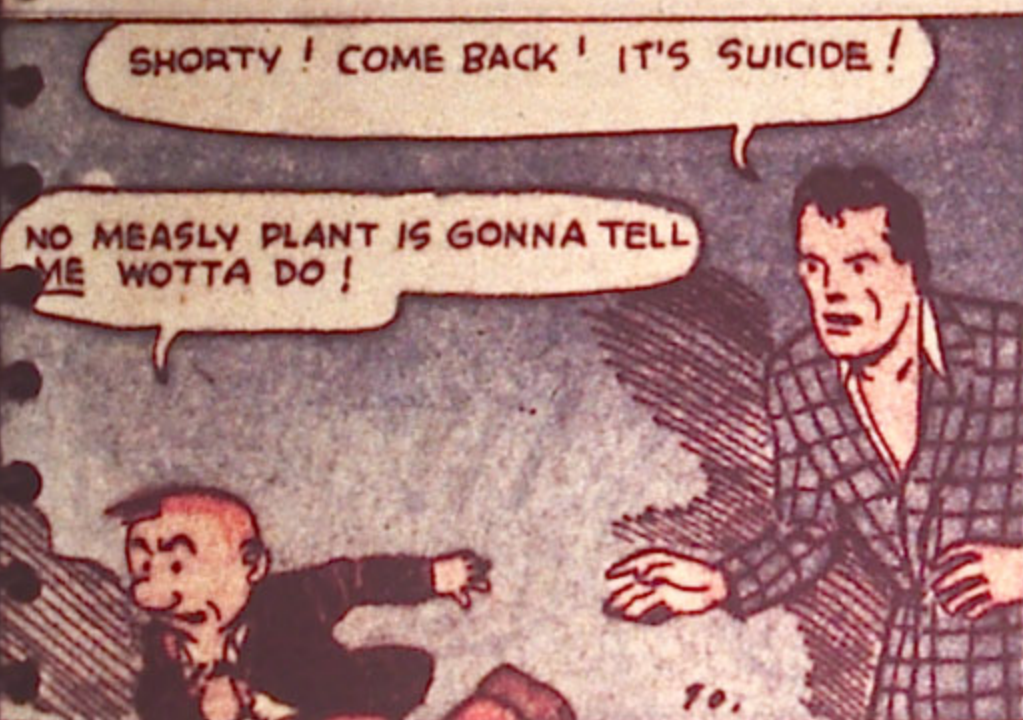


THE PLANT-MAN HOLDS ALOFT THE FLOWER-DEATH.  
HIS MEANING IS OBVIOUS IF THEY ADVANCE FURTHER



SHORTY! COME BACK! IT'S SUICIDE!

NO MEASLY PLANT IS GONNA TELL  
ME WOTTA DO!



SLAM!  
HELP!

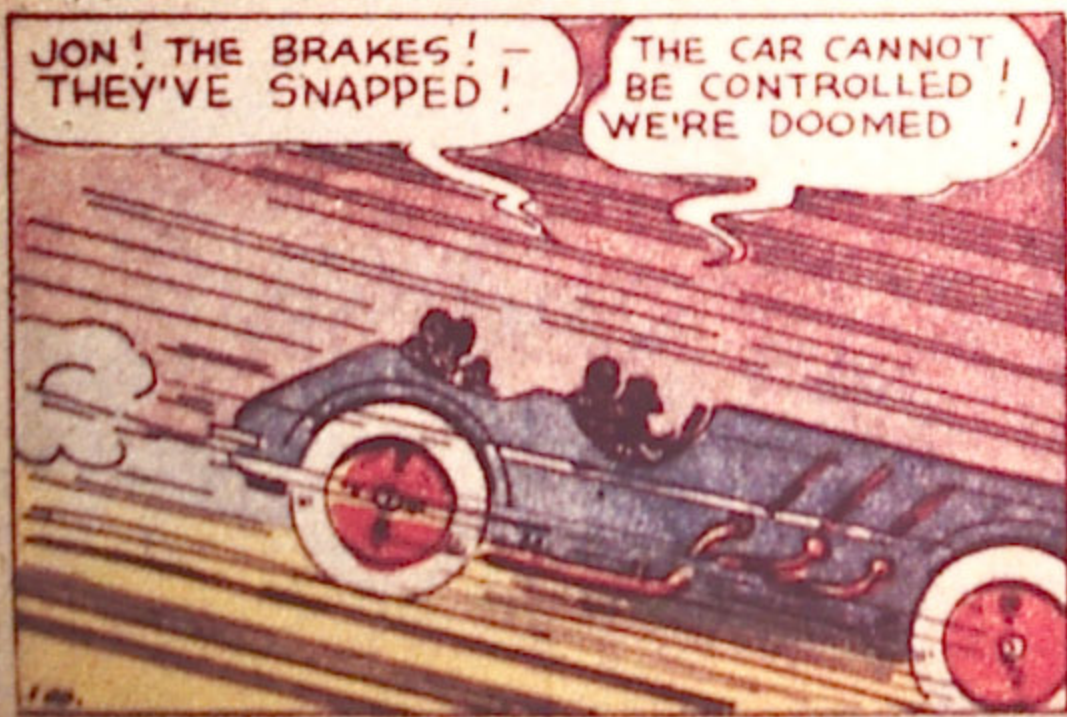
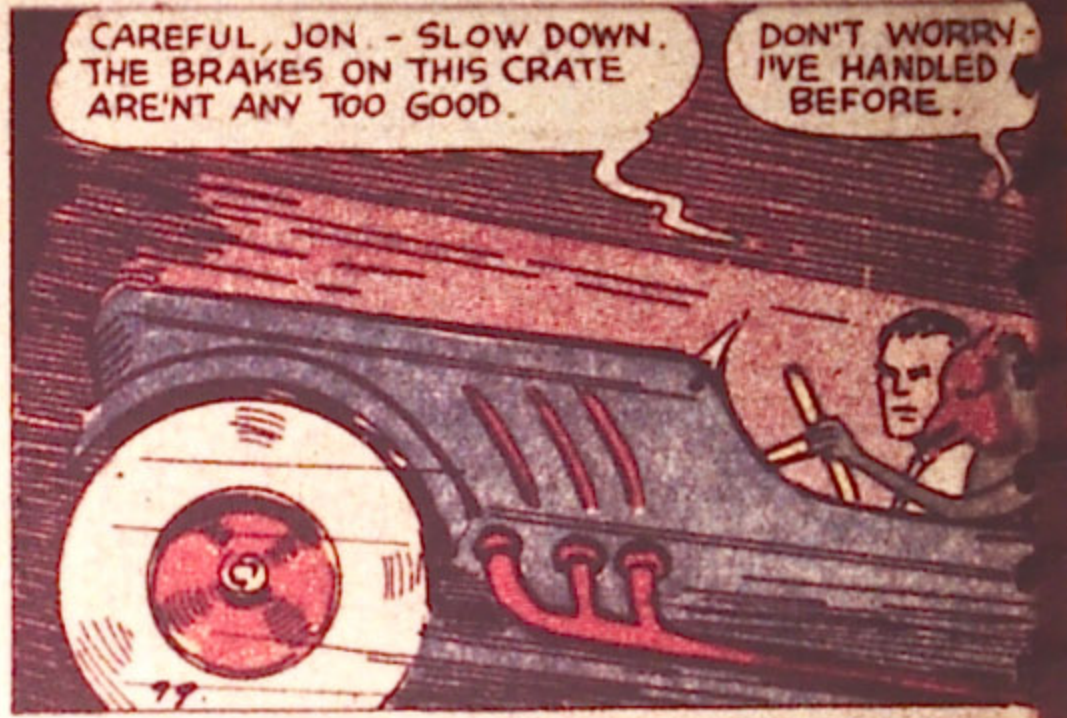
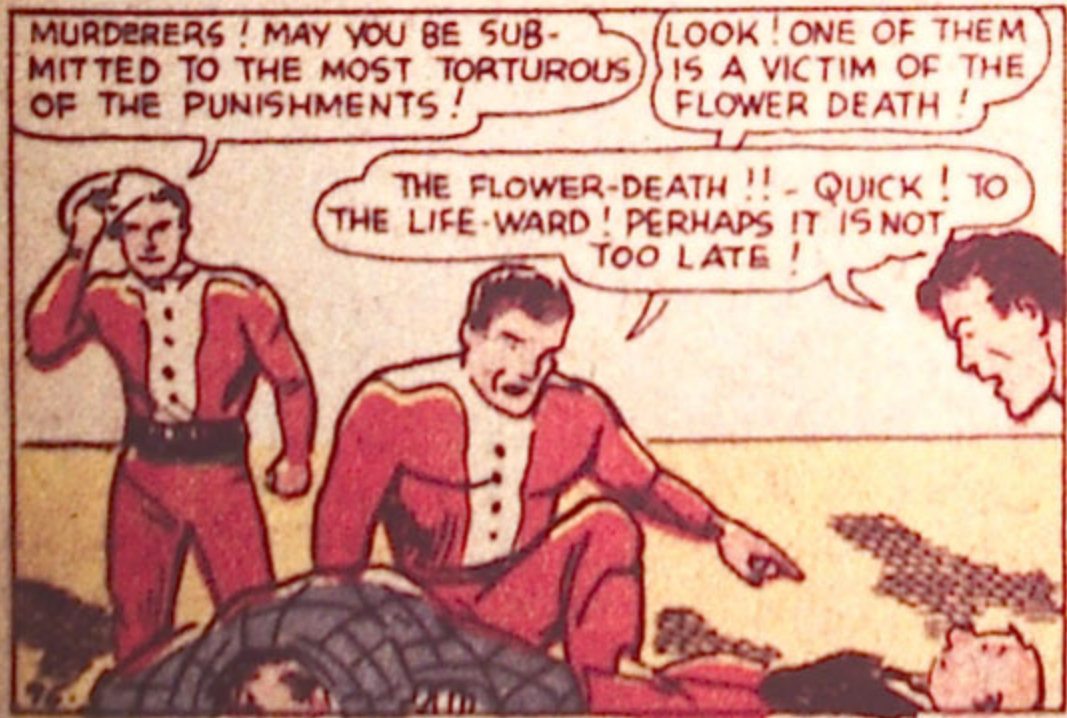


SHORTY! SHORTY!



HE'S DEAD!





TO BE  
CONCLUDED  
NEXT ISSUE

# DETECTIVE PUZZLES

## BE A DETECTIVE

## DO HEAR IT



**C**AN YOU WRITE THE INITIALS OF THE SIX PICTURES SHOWN ABOVE AND THEN REARRANGE THE SIX LETTERS TO SPELL A VEGETABLE?



**S**EE IF YOU CAN REARRANGE ALL OF THE LETTERS IN THE ABOVE WORDS TO SPELL TWO OTHER WORDS OF WHICH THE PICTURE IS ILLUSTRATIVE.

Dear ----- May: I ----- to  
thank ----- for ----- pleasant  
vacation I ----- at your -----  
last month. ----- mother and  
----- were ----- kind to -----  
Will it ----- possible ----- you  
to ----- us next week? -----  
answer ----- friend Grace.

**T**HE NUMBER OF LETTERS IN EACH MISSING WORD, IN THE ABOVE NOTE, ARE INDICATED BY THE DASHES.

**C**AN YOU FILL IN THE SPACES CORRECTLY?



**T**HE ENTIRE BODIES OF A SQUIRREL AND A TURTLE ARE IN THIS PICTURE BUT THE DOG CAN'T SEE THEM. CAN YOU?

The following are the names of the Winners of the Cartoon Contest that ran in the October issue of DETECTIVE COMICS. A prize of \$1 has been sent to each of the Winners.

WILLIAM E. ANDERSON,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

JAMES W. SMITH, JR.,  
Nashville, Tenn.

LEONARD LEWIS,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN PLUCINSKI,  
Erie, Penn.

ARTHUR THOMAS,  
Savannah, Georgia.

PAUL HOPKINS,  
Baltimore, Md.

RUBY BALL,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAROL CECERE,  
New Haven, Conn.

DEAN PORCHEY,  
Maplewood, Miss.

RALPH LA BARRE,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

MILDRED GASTMAN,  
New York City.

JOE RHONE LOPER,  
Live Oak, Fla.

KOSTAS GUSSIS,  
New Brunswick, N. J.

LORRAINE PIMENTEL,  
San Francisco, Calif.

HAROLD GOLDBERG,  
Asheville, No. Car.

PHILLIP OBENCHAIN,  
Boise, Idaho.

STANLEY WASHINGTON,  
Youngstown, Ohio.

CHARLIE M. FARR,  
Mansfield, Texas.

CLYDE FULLER,  
Orleans, Mass.

JOE KURCZEK, JR.,  
Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS GOLDEN,  
Pennside, Reading, Penn.

RUBEN MONTOYA,  
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

WILLIAM FERRERI,  
New York City.

ERIKA OCHSNER,  
Detroit, Mich.

MILTON HABER,  
Wilmington, Dela.

